

~~SPECIMEN.~~



GREEK SCULPTURE

This is the head of a statue of the god Hermes. It is the work of a great sculptor who lived at the time of Pericles. The hands are those of a child which Hermes is holding on his left arm.

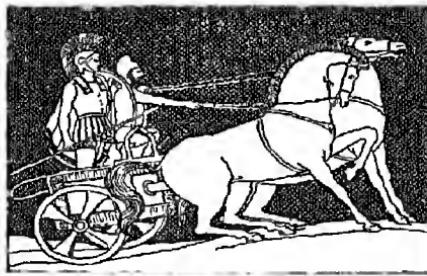
BLACKIE'S JUNIOR HISTORIES

General Editor J. A. WHITE, M.B.E.

**BOOK ONE
LONG LONG AGO**

BY

DOROTHY KING



**BLACKIE & SON LIMITED
LONDON AND GLASGOW**

BLACKIE & SON LIMITED
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BLACKIE'S JUNIOR HISTORIES

General Editor J A White, M B E,

BOOK I.—**Long Long Ago.** By Dorothy King

BOOK II.—**People of Bygone Days** By Dorothy King

BOOK III.—**How the English Became One People.** By Ian G Hislop, M A

BOOK IV.—**The Growth of Modern Britain.** By Ian G Hislop, M A

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PREFACE

These Junior histories are written with a double end in view.

First, the matter has been selected with a view to its appeal to children between the ages of 7 and 11. The stories combine the romance of individual lives with the romance of everyday things, both of which come within the lives and experiences of the children. Through these it is possible to create an attitude of mind towards the present and a background of ideas of the past, which have some claim to be regarded as historical.

Secondly, the more formal studies of the child after reaching the age of 11 have been borne in mind, and the course is intended to equip him, so far as he can be equipped before reaching that age, for this later work.

A new feature has been added in the form of notes on the illustrations. This will, no doubt, be welcomed, for one of the chief difficulties which is encountered in using illustrations is to know the extent to which one can depend upon their accuracy.

Books I and II contain selections from the whole range of history, exclusive of Bible stories which can be best told from the Bible, down to the beginnings of Modern Times. Books III and IV then take up the thread of British history from its beginning to the present day.

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NOTES ON THE ILLUSTRATIONS

Greek Sculpture (frontispiece) From a photograph by E. Ahnari
This statue was discovered in the ruins of the Temple of Hera at Olympia, and is the work of Praxiteles. Hermes is playing with the infant Dionysus.

Egyptian Workmen (p 13) From a tomb relief (after de Morgan)
The workmen are using a crank-drill. Two weights are suspended below the handle to keep the shaft going round. The drill point was first made of hard stone and later of copper. Ground emery was used as a cutting powder. The hieroglyphics record the men's conversation. One says "This is a beautiful vase", and the other replies "It is indeed".

The Courtyard of an Egyptian Temple (p 15) A reconstruction
The centre of the court was open to the sky. The whole place was coloured in bright hues, including the paintings on the walls behind the columns.

Hieroglyphic for Scribe (p 16) From left to right the signs are—a writing-reed, an ink-pot, a palette, the letter U (the masculine sign). By permission of Sir E. A. Wallis Budge.

An Egyptian Temple (p 17) A reconstruction by Oberbaurath Gnauth, a celebrated German architect who studied in Egypt. Note the avenue of sphinxes leading to the Temple. On the other side of the river are the graves and temples of the dead.

An Egyptian Granary (p 19) Reproduced by courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, from a photograph by Harry Burton. The model was recently discovered with others in a rock-chamber near Thebes. The date is about 2000 B.C.

The Great Pyramid (p 21) This is the pyramid built by Khufu (called Cheops (Kee'ops) by the Greeks) as his tomb. He began to reign about 2900 B.C. The pyramid covers about 13 acres of land. Each side was originally 755 feet long and the height above ground level was about 500 feet. An ancient story repeated by Herodotus tells us that a hundred thousand men were working on this royal tomb for twenty years.

An Egyptian Ship (p 22) From a relief in the Temple of Deir-el-Bahari. It shows a ship of the fleet of Queen Hatshepsut sailing to the land of Punt, at the south end of the Red Sea, to bring back the luxuries of tropical Africa.

Babylonian Writing (p. 25) The translation of this is "She placed me in a basket-boat of rushes and with pitch closed the door". This is part of a Cuneiform inscription tolling the story of the warrior king Sargon, who lived about 2500 B.C. It is a story strangely reminiscent of that of Moses

Greek Boys Racing (p. 28) Modelled on a vase-painting of the fifth century B.C.

Homer (p. 31) Drawn from a bust in the National Museum, Naples

Helen, Paris, and Hector (p. 34). This and the illustrations on pages 39, 41, 42, 51, 52 and 56 are modelled on John Flaxman's designs for the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*

Flaxman was one of the most distinguished of English sculptors and was made an R.A. in 1800. In 1787 he went to Italy, where he produced some important sculpture, and won fame by his designs in outline illustrating Homer, Dante, and others. The delicacy and expressiveness of his drawings are difficult to render in reproductions, but his zealous and intelligent study of the remains of classic art make him an authority. Flaxman also produced designs and models for Josiah Wedgwood, the great potter.

Ithaca (p. 48) One of the Ionian Islands. Regarded as the island home of Odysseus (Ulysses). Its coasts are steep and rugged.

A Greek Soldier (p. 59) From an amphora in the Vatican Museum at Rome. He wears a cuirass over a linen undervest, his legs are protected by greaves. Note the dolphin on his helmet.

The Pass of Thermopylae (p. 61) A photograph of the Pass as it is to-day. Since the time of the Persian invasion the rains of twenty-four hundred years have washed down the mountain-side, and it is no longer as steep as formerly. A river has filled in the shore and pushed back the sea several miles.

A Persian Soldier (p. 63) One of the figures in the Frieze of Archers from the Palace of Darius I at Susa. These figures are archers with spears doing duty as palace guards. The figures are done in brightly coloured glazed bricks. Susa was the winter residence of the Persian kings. A frieze of similar warriors has recently been discovered at Persepolis, the ancient Persian capital.

The Strait and Island of Salamis (p. 65) Looking over the modern houses of the Piraeus, the harbour town of Athens. In the background are the heights of the island of Salamis. The Persian fleet advanced from the left (south) and could not advance in a long front because of the little island seen in the centre.

Part of Athens (p. 66) From a recent photograph. The limestone hill of the Acropolis rises 200 feet above the ground below. In ancient times a long flight of marble steps led to the top.

The Parthenon (p. 68) A reconstruction of the great temple of Athena Parthenos by Sidney R. Jones. Notice the triangular space (the pediment) which was filled with the sculptures brought by Lord Elgin to England and placed in the British Museum. The restoration shows the beauty of the Doric colonnades as they were when they left the hands of the builders.

A Greek Theatre (p. 72) From a photograph by E. Alnari. The seats are of stone, and accommodated possibly seventeen thousand people. The fine marble seats in the front row were reserved for the leading men of Athens.

Alexander the Great (p. 75) From the statue in the Capitoline Museum, Rome.

A Greek Youth (p. 77). From Illope's "Costume of the Ancients."

A Greek Lady (p. 78). From the same source as the last illustration. She is putting on the Chiton. This is formed of one piece of cloth folded over from the shoulder to the waist and fastened at the shoulder by brooches.

A Greek Man (p. 79) From the same source as the last two. A Greek philosopher is represented wearing the Himation.

A Greek Trireme (p. 81) After Guhl and Koner and Keble Chaterton. The rowers of the upper bank alone are visible. The use of Triremes (ships with three rows of oars) became common among the Greeks during the early part of the fifth century B.C. The opinion is now held by some scholars that the name "Trireme" is more probably derived from the number of men, viz. 3, engaged in working each oar.

Rome (p. 91) This is a restoration showing the Capitol as seen from the Palatine Hill.

How the Geese saved Rome (p. 109) From a painting by H. P. Motte, by permission of Messrs. Braun et Cie. Photograph by Mansell. The geese sacred to Juno had been spared notwithstanding the famine of the besieged Romans.

Roman Warships (p. 111) The details of these ships are modelled on reliefs on Trajan's Column and in the Palazzo Spada, Rome. Notice the steering oars at each side of the stern—a device found on Egyptian ships two thousand years before.

Mt Cenis (p. 119) The pass by which Hannibal crossed the Alps has never been determined, but the pass of Mt Cenis appears to have some claim. The scenery shows the steep and dangerous character of the trail which the young Carthaginian must have followed wherever he crossed. In addition, the snow lay deep in the late autumn of his crossing and snowstorms added to the dangers of the path.

Hannibal (p. 120) A copy of the bust in the National Museum at Naples.

NOTES ON THE ILLUSTRATIONS

II

Julius Caesar (p 126) A copy of the bust in the British Museum From the thin drawn face and the scantiness of hair we infer the bust represents Caesar in his later days

A Roman Soldier (p 128) A photograph of a model in the museum at St Germain, France He carries a pilum or heavy javelin six feet long In action it was customary to hurl the pilum at the first attack and then use the sword Notice his strong sandals or Caligae, which were thickly studded with hobnails The metal parts of the armour are of bronze

An Aqueduct (p 130) A view of the Pont du Gard carrying the aqueduct over the river Gardon It was built to supply the colony of Nemausus (now Nimes) with water from Roman springs, 25 miles away The channel for water is at the very top, and one can still walk through it The miles of aqueduct on either side of the bridge have almost disappeared

A Roman (p 134) From Hope's "Costume of the Ancients" The shape of the Toga was roughly semicircular, the straight edge being six yards long and the width in the middle about two yards The simplest mode of putting it on was to place the edge at B on the left shoulder with the straight side B to A hanging down in front of the body almost to the ground at A The left hand would be just covered by the curved edge The rest was then passed behind the back, over or under the right arm, and over the left shoulder again, so that the point hung almost to the ground behind This was also a method of wearing the Greek Himation, and it is difficult to distinguish the two garments when so arranged, but a close examination will discover the sharp point and curved edge in the case of the Toga. (From the *Guide to Greek and Roman Life*, published by the British Museum)



The Toga was draped on the figure starting with point A at the left foot, the straight edge was taken up in front of the body over the left shoulder and arm B. It was then passed across the back and loosely under the right arm D across the chest, over the left shoulder and arm again E, with the remaining portion hanging down the back finishing at point F

A Roman Lady (p 135) From a statue in the Capitol, Rome She is wearing the Palla, a garment similar to the Himation of the Greeks.

The Colosseum (p 137) Based on the reconstruction by M Viollet-le-Duc, the great French archaeologist and architect Fifty thousand spectators could be accommodated The dens for the wild beasts were below the arena

Drawings on pp 86, 89, 94, 98, 104, and 114 are imaginary.

TO THE READER

In this book you will read about people who lived a very long time ago. You know already that there are many other peoples or races living in the world besides the English, as we are called. Some of these races did very wonderful things hundreds of years ago. We like to read about them because so much of their work is very useful to the people living in the world now.

The men and women in the stories each lived at a time when their people were doing great deeds. Perhaps you will say, "All these stories surely cannot be quite true." Well, some of them may not be quite true, but they will show you what those people were like and the way they lived in those far off times.



Egyptian workmen making stone pots They are hollowing out the pots
by means of a drill

BOOK I

Ancient Egypt and Babylon

Egypt and Babylonia are among the oldest countries of the world. People had been settled in Egypt long before Abraham went there, and that was nearly two thousand years before the birth of Jesus Christ. Yet many things are done there in exactly the same way now as they were then.

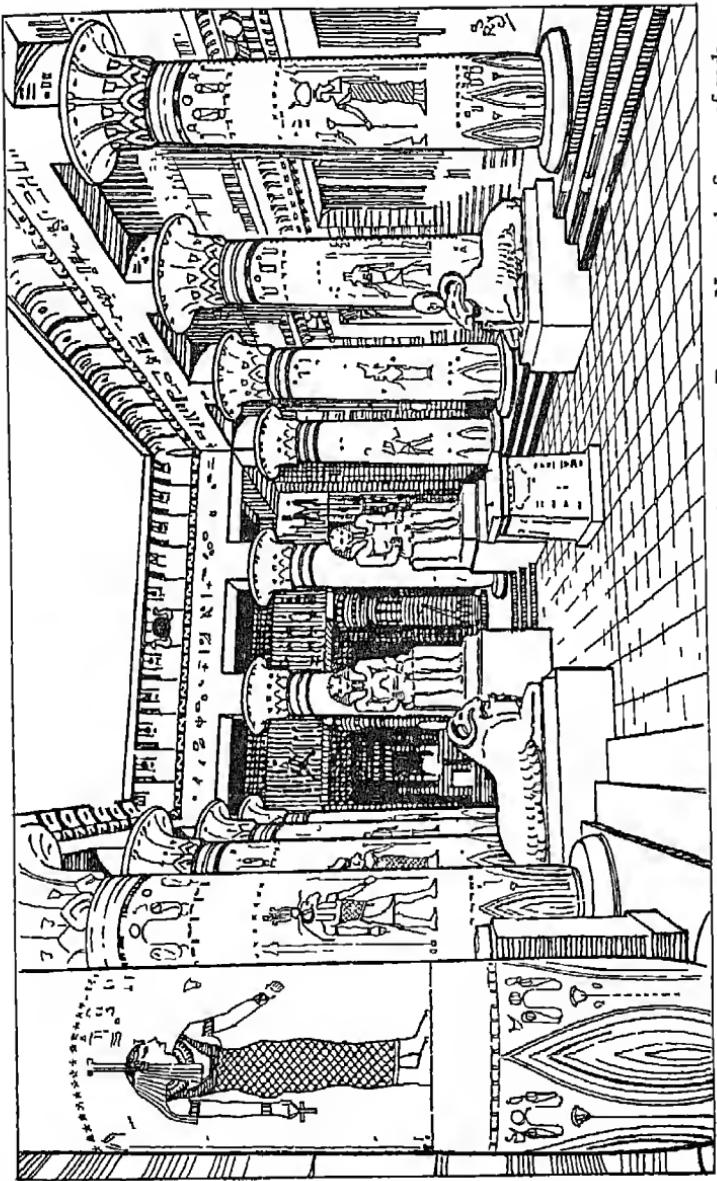
The cause of this is the River Nile, a

great river that flows right through their country. This river made Egypt, so the people who live in its valley have always had to depend upon it.

At a certain time every year the Nile becomes too full and overflows its banks for a long way on either side, and it spreads a layer of mud wherever it goes. This mud makes it wonderfully easy to grow great quantities of corn, much more than the people need to make bread for themselves. So other countries have always bought corn from them, giving them gold, silver, wood, gum, spices, and precious stones for it.

When the corn harvest was gathered in, the corn was stored in large corn-bins or granaries that were built near the house of the owner. You will see a picture of the granary on page 19.

The labourers climbed up the steps and poured the grain from sacks into the

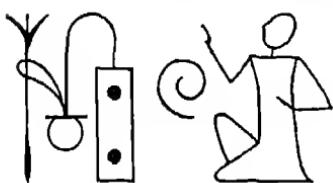


What an Egyptian building was like The courtyard of a temple in ancient Egypt Notice the figures of gods and goddesses carved on the stone pillars

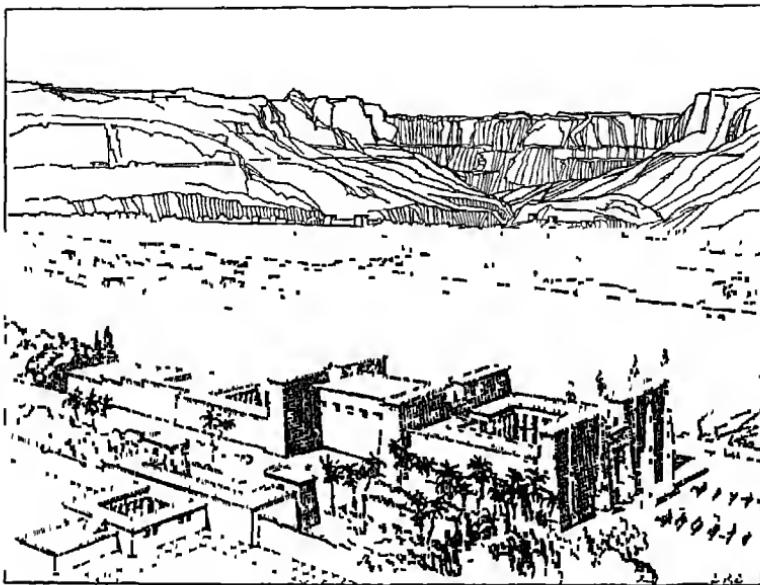
bin till it was full. A scribe, who had been standing by, then wrote on the outside the date and the number of sacks that had been put in. The labourer was given, perhaps, one sack for himself to pay him for doing the work.

The year was divided much as we divide it. The Egyptians were the first people to divide the year into twelve months. Each month had thirty days, and they added five days at the end of the year.

But their writing was very different from ours. They made little pictures for words. Here is a picture for the word "writer" or "scribe". You will see a writing reed, an ink-pot and, after that, a palette and a figure for a man. They wrote on strips of a reed called papyrus, from which we get our word "paper".



But many important writings were cut out on tablets of stone. Many of these have remained to this day.



This is what an Egyptian Temple looked like This one was beside
the river Nile

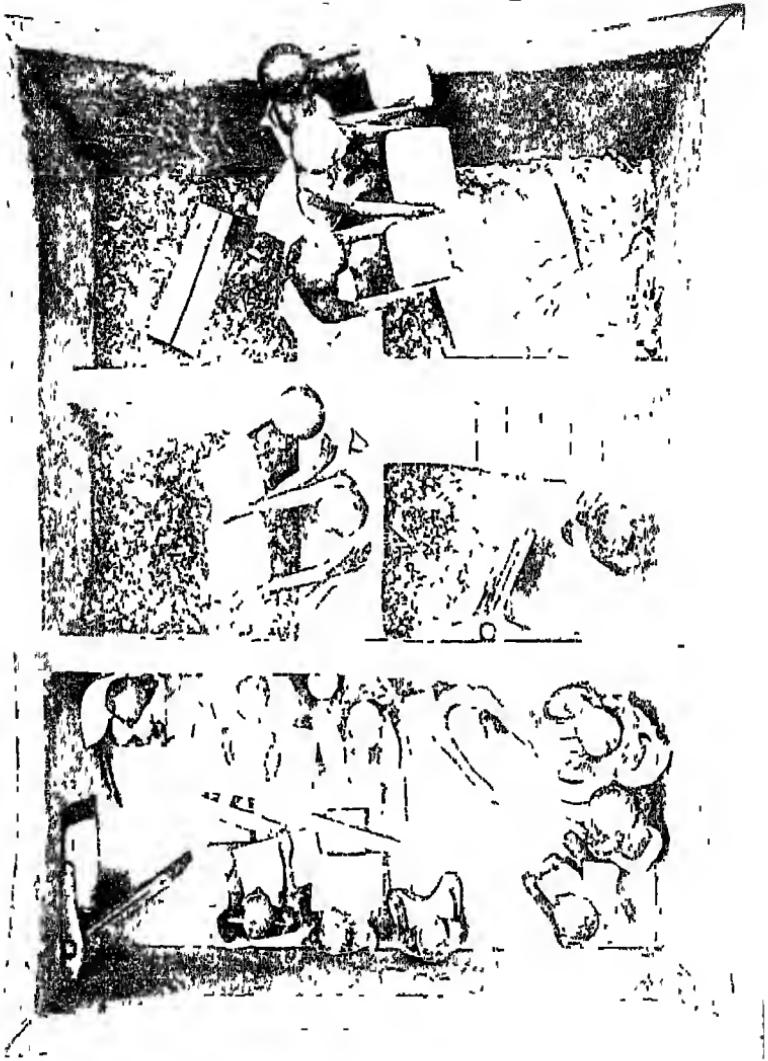
They worshipped many gods, the chief one being the sun. The Egyptian kings, who were always called Pharaoh, became very rich from the wonderful presents given to them by the people, who believed that the Pharaoh was the

son of the sun-god, and they wished to please the god, who would help their crops to grow.

They built beautiful temples for their gods, so large that they required many priests to take care of them. In one of these they collected a very large library for the priests to use. Young men who wished to learn to read and write and to do other things used to go to the temples to be taught by the priests.

Other gods were the moon, the sky, and animals such as the cow and the goat. These people were very kind to animals, making nice clean places for them to live in. They hunted wild animals such as the wild pig, the hyena, the hippopotamus, and the crocodile, for food or for other uses. They kept pet cats as we do.

Everybody who could afford it prepared a tomb ready for his burial. He



AN EGYPTIAN GRANARY (See page 14)

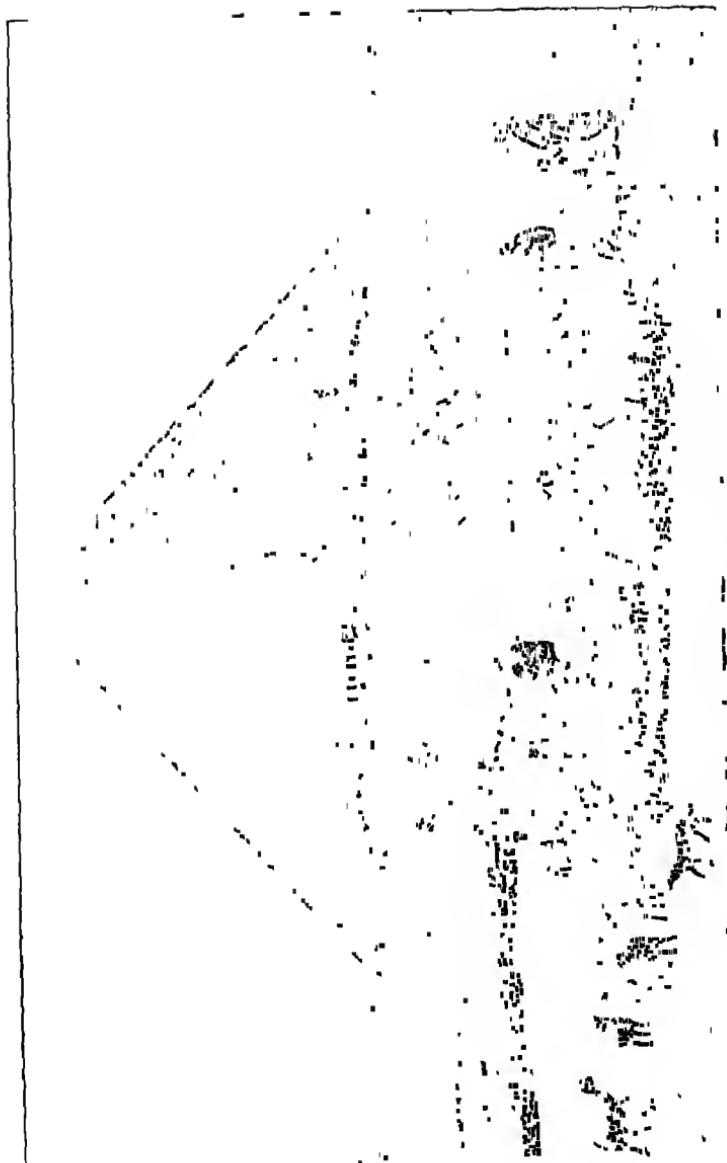
A photograph of a model found in Egypt. In this picture you are looking down on the heads of the men. Scribes are making a written record of the grain which the labourers are pouring into bins.

put into it anything that might be useful in his next life. The Egyptians believed they would live in another world, much as they had lived on earth.

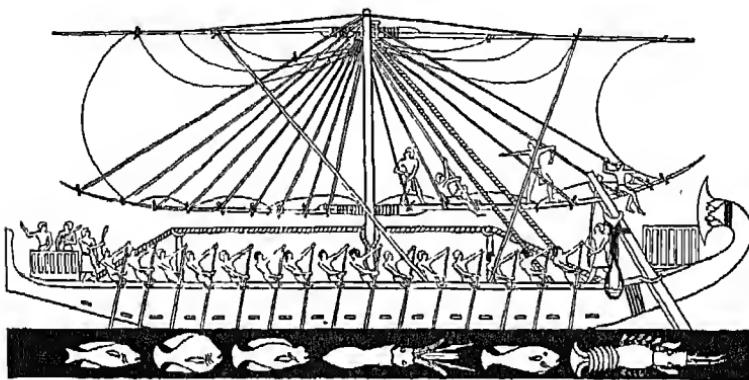
The tombs, called Pyramids, prepared by some of the Pharaohs, were very large, and contained great riches. One was so large that it is said to have had 100,000 slaves working on it for twenty years. Very large blocks of stone were used, which the labourers cut out of the mountains in the deserts. These pyramids are still standing. We can, even now, see some of the wonderful treasures which they contained.

These people were always clever at making things: pottery, chairs, sofas, necklaces of gold and silver, spears and shields of bronze and copper. They got the gold and silver from a far country across the desert. It came in the shape of thick rings which were melted down at

One of the great Pyramids as it is to-day



a furnace. In pictures of the workshops where this was done, we see that the people who handled the precious metals were often dwarfs. Perhaps this was



An Egyptian ship. This ship is carved on the wall of a temple at Thebes, Egypt.

because if they were tempted to take any they could easily be caught if they ran away.

They also made boats to go up and down the river, and to cross the sea. They were long and low and rowed by slaves. The river boats had about twenty rowers and the sea boats about thirty.

Sometimes a big square sail was used as well.

The poor people lived in huts made of sun-dried mud bricks. Other people lived in large houses, often built of stone. They were much like our bungalows, having only one floor. They generally had a large open entrance with stone seats on the north side, where the family could sit and enjoy any cool breeze there might be. Then three or more oblong rooms followed, each one farther in the house—the farthest being most private. From a story that has been found it seemed to be a disgrace to be sent to the back of the house. A woman who was a witness in a trial said to the judge: “ May I be sent to back of the house if I speak not the truth.”

They were fond of parties. At meals the guests were usually arranged in pairs—a man and a woman—all dressed in

long white linen dresses and wigs. Large stands were placed in front piled high with many kinds of food. On the head of each guest servants placed scented ointment. This slowly spread over the hair and clothing. The skin, too, which was often dry and parched in the hot climate, was also made comfortable by it.

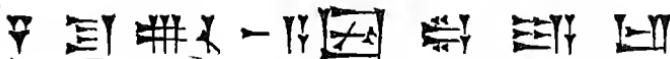
The Egyptians took great care of their children, especially in trying to make them grow up well and strong. Some of their toys have been found in old houses. There are articles of painted pottery, papyrus and leather balls, rattles of pottery with painted animals' heads, wooden toys that "work", such as a lion with a mouth that opens when a string is pulled.

Merchants came across the hills and deserts from a city called Babylon to trade with the Egyptians. That city grew up in the valley of another great

river, much like the Nile had done, and in many ways the people were like the Egyptians. They built temples to their gods, the chief one being the sun, and they had many priests. Their king was always the High Priest.

But they were not peaceable like the people of Egypt, who never liked being soldiers. The Babylonians were warlike. Perhaps this was because they had so many neighbours, who often tried to steal their land and their goods. They got their food very easily. Rice was grown chiefly and the date palm grew wild.

They once had a very wise king named Hammurabi, who made some very good laws, and had them all written on a



Babylonian Writing

large slab of stone. It is called “The Great Stone of Hammurabi”. It can still be seen. The writing is not picture-writing like that of the Egyptians, but is called sign-writing. It consists of little signs of three-cornered shape like a wedge, arranged in groups, some larger than others, according to the way that the graver¹ was held.

Hammurabi sent men with camels and donkeys into other countries to find other people with whom they might trade. In this way they learnt many new ways and brought back rich and beautiful things to Babylon, which became one of the most wonderful cities of the world.

¹The graver was the sharp instrument with which the marks were made in the clay tablets

The Greeks of Old

Long, long ago, more than a thousand years before our Lord Jesus Christ was born, there lived a people called the Hellenes. Their home was not in our land, but in a beautiful sunny country across the sea.

The Hellenes named their country Hellas. But, later on, they came to be known as Greeks, not Hellenes. So then the land was called Greece, as it is to-day. The people who live there are still called Greeks.

In those far-off days the Hellenes, or Greeks, as we will call them, did not live as we do now. They were without a great many things that we may see, and use, every day. They had no busy towns, as we know them, or shops, or motor-cars, or railways. A Greek boy,

in those early times, was not sent to school to learn to read and write, for then there were no printed books such as we



Greek boys racing on horseback. Notice that they ride without saddles and stirrups.

have, but he was taught many other things which all boys love to do.

When he was still small, he learnt to ride his father's horses, and to swim, and fish, and row on the seas or on the rivers near his home. He learnt to box

and wrestle with his playmates, and in this way he grew up strong and bold.

Later on, he learnt how to make weapons—that is, spears and swords and shields, for there were no guns in those days. With his weapons he would go out with his father on the mountains and in the woods, to hunt wild beasts.

If the beasts were large and fierce, the boy had often to face danger, but he was taught not to mind that. At such times he always tried to show how brave and strong he could be. For, among those Greeks of old, a man was not thought much of because of his riches, but only because of his skill, we are told, “ and his strength, and his courage, and the number of things which he could do ”.

The boy would learn to build boats, if his home were by the sea. He helped to plough the fields too, to sow wheat and corn, and to reap and to tend the vine

and the olive trees. Even if he were the son of a king, he would be taught all these things. His sisters learnt to spin wool or silk, and to weave it into clothes which they made for themselves and their brothers.

In winter-time, beside big fires, or in summer, out in the warm sunny air of their beautiful land, the boys and girls would sit working together. Perhaps the boys would be making arrows for their bows, and the girls would be weaving or sewing. Then some wise man would come and tell them stories, or sing them songs, about brave deeds done long ago.

Those Greek boys and girls loved stories as much as you do, but as they had no books, they could not read the stories; they could only listen to the folk who told them.

One of these folk was an old man named Homer. He was blind, but he

could sing songs and tell fine stories about the deeds of brave men. Some of these stories have since been written in books which you may read when you are older. And the next four stories which you will read in this book are some of the tales told to the boys and girls of Greece nearly three thousand years ago in the Greek language.



The blind poet, Homer

The Stolen Queen

Once upon a time there lived a king who had several sons. His name was Priam, and he was the King of Troy, a city many miles from Greece, on the other side of an eastern sea.

King Priam's second son was called Paris, and he was a strong, bold young man. He was cleverer than any of his brothers at hunting, and wrestling, and boxing, and running, and at all games which young men love.

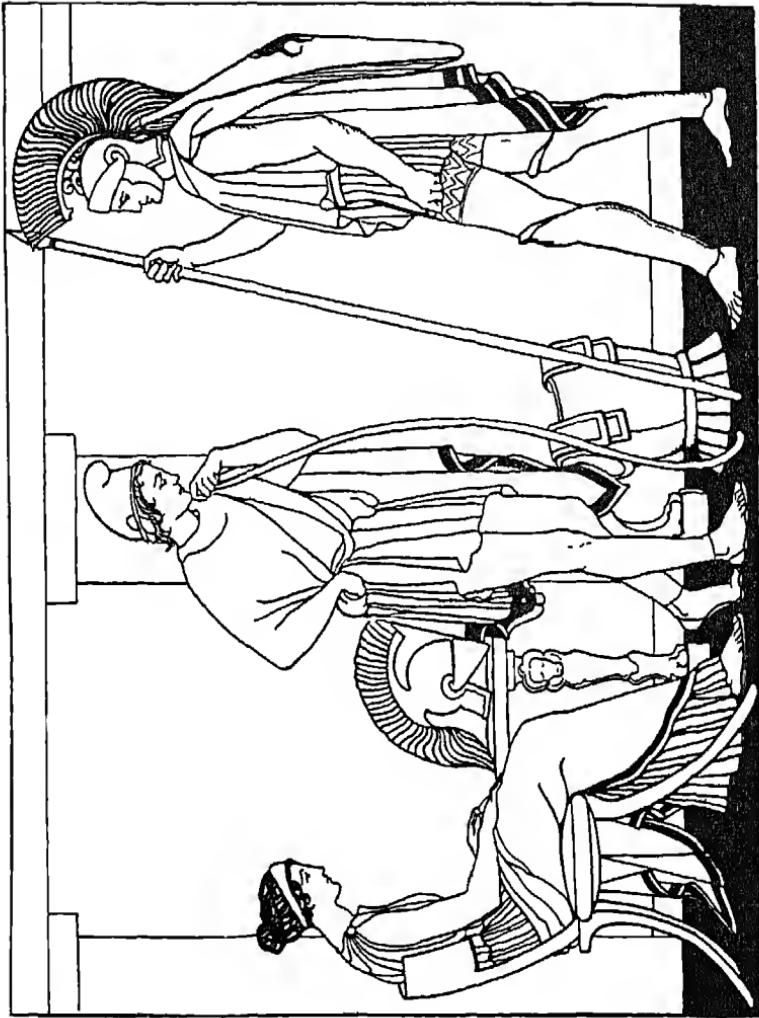
The King was very proud of this fine handsome son. One day he told the prince that he meant to send him across the sea with a message to a king in the land of Greece.

So a number of ships and men were made ready, and the young Paris took command of them all, and sailed away

from Troy. He reached Greece in safety; and after a time he paid a visit to the King of Sparta, which was one of the Greek kingdoms.

The King of Sparta was glad to see Prince Paris. He and his wife, the fair Queen Helen, made many rich feasts for their noble guest, and treated him well. Paris thought that Helen was the most beautiful lady he had ever seen; and indeed, most folk thought the same, for she was a very lovely queen.

“How I should like to take her home to Troy,” thought Paris, “and to show her to my father’s people!” One day a bold thought came into his head. He gathered all his men together, and with their help he broke into the palace where Queen Helen was. Then he carried the lady off to his ships that were waiting by the seashore. He put her into his own ship and sailed away with her to Troy,



Helen, Paris and
Hector
Hector has his
armour on, while
the armour of
Paris lies beside
him.

and all his men, with the rest of the ships, followed him.

You may guess how full of rage the King of Sparta was when he learnt how his queen had been stolen by Paris. He asked his brother, who was also a king, and his friends, the other kings and princes in Greece, to help him to get her back again. So they all made ready a great fleet of ships with hundreds of men.

Then they sailed after Paris, across the seas, until they came to Troy. The Greek princes landed their men, and made a camp near the wide plains outside the city. They meant to fight the folk of Troy for the fair Queen Helen. How they did so you will read in the next story.

How the Heroes fought on the Plains of Troy

The men of Troy, or Trojans, as we call them, had made all things ready to meet the Greeks when they landed. King Priam was now too old to fight. He made his eldest son, Hector, who was a strong and brave prince, the leader of the Trojans.

In the first battle the Greeks beat the men of Troy, who were driven inside the walls of their city. The Greek princes soon found that they could never take the city by force, because it was too strongly built and too well guarded. The Trojans had not as many soldiers as the Greeks had. They dared not risk a great battle with the Greek army, outside the city.

So the war went on year after year, and, though the Greeks and Trojans met

many times, yet neither side could gain a real victory.

One of the strongest and bravest of the Greeks was a noble hero called Achilles. Achilles was so strong that it was said nothing could hurt him unless he were wounded in the heel, when he would be certain to die.

During the first year of the war, Achilles had a fierce quarrel with the King of Sparta's brother, the King of Argos, who had been made the leader of the Greek army. Achilles was so full of anger against this prince that he made up his mind to take no part in the war. He stayed in his tent, and said that he would fight for the Greeks no more.

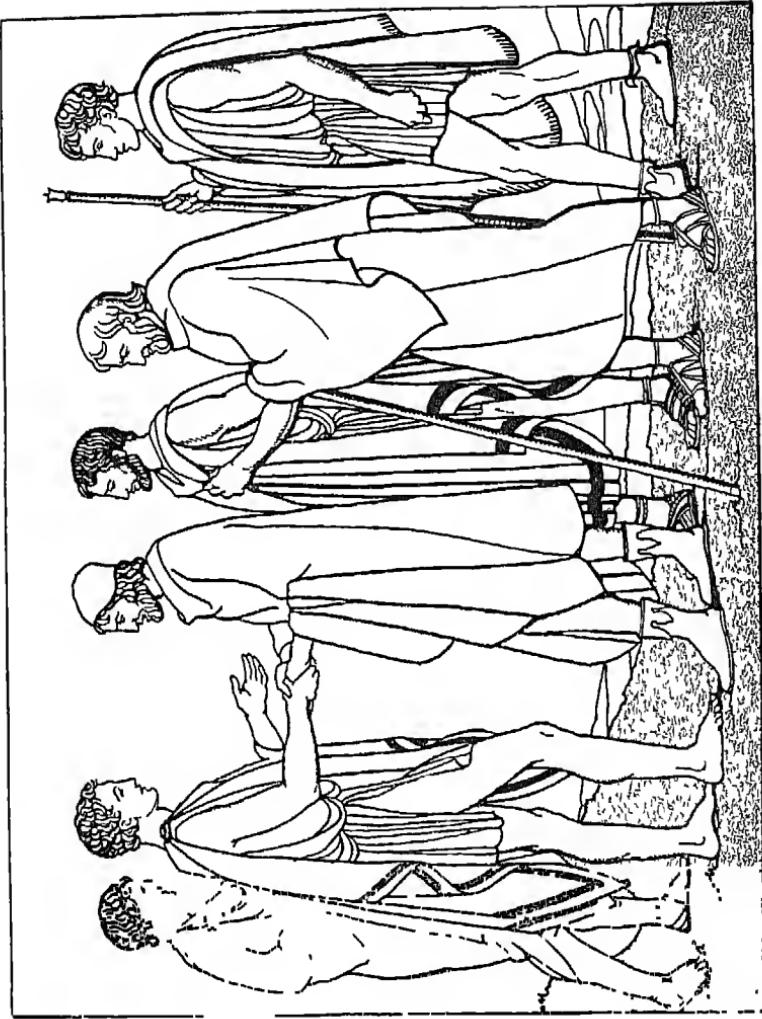
When the Trojans knew this, they grew very bold, for they feared the strong Achilles more than any of the other Greeks. They came out of their city, and fought with some of their foes,

and beat them. Led by Hector, they even got as far as the Greek camp, and began to burn the ships which had been drawn up on the seashore.

Then the King of Argos sent some of his chief men to Achilles, begging him to help his friends in this time of great danger. Achilles would not help them, for he was still angry and displeased.

Then a noble Greek named Patroclus, who was the dearest friend of Achilles, came to him in his tent. "If you will not come yourself to help us," he said, "let me lead your troops against the Trojans." He knew that Achilles had many troops of brave men who were under his command.

Patroclus pleaded so hard with his friend that at last Achilles gave way. Not only did he let Patroclus lead his men out to battle, but he lent him his own suit of armour.



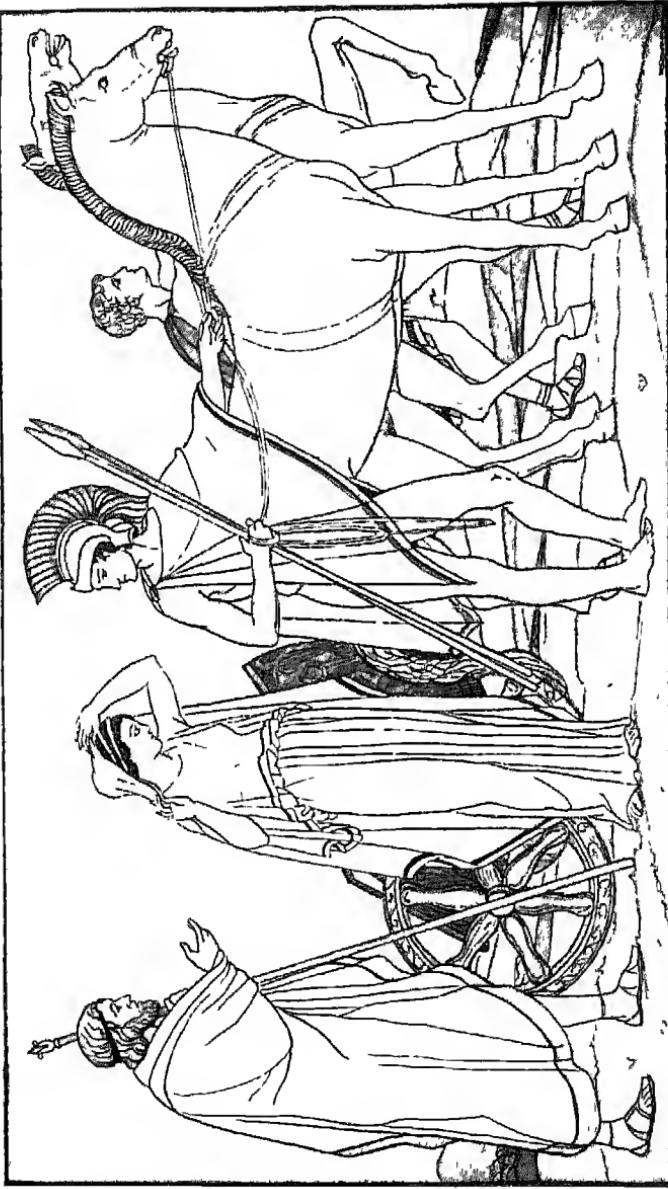
'The men of
Argos beg Achilles
to help them

" May you come back in safety, dear friend!" he said. " But take care not to go too far among the ranks of our foes. Be content if you can save the ships!"

So Patroclus went out to fight, with the soldiers of Achilles behind him. When the Trojans saw him they thought that he was Achilles, and, full of fear, they fled back to their city. Patroclus and his men went after them, but alas! Patroclus quite forgot what his friend had said.

He went too far among the ranks of the Trojans, and there he met Hector, their great leader. The two heroes fought fiercely, and the noble Patroclus was killed.

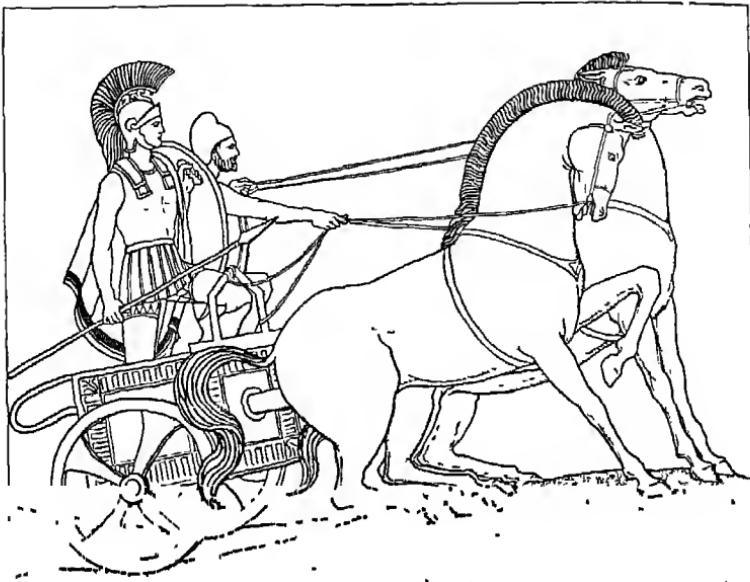
Achilles was filled with sorrow at the death of his friend, and made up his mind that he would not rest until he had killed Hector. Now he was eager



ODYSSEUS LEAVES FOR THE TROJAN WAR

He is saying good-bye to his wife Penelope and her father

See page 47



Hector in his chariot

to fight again, and he called his soldiers around him. Then, with his heart full of rage and sadness, he led them out against the Trojans.

The men of Troy fled before Achilles and his troops, and by the city gates Achilles met Hector. Now, for the first time in his life, Hector grew afraid. He turned and fled, and Achilles rushed

after him. Three times round the city walls fled the two, and Hector knew that he was fleeing for his life.

At last he was forced to stand and fight with Achilles. Then, after a fierce struggle, Achilles killed him.

Achilles buried his friend Patroclus, with many tears. After that he did many brave deeds in battle for the Greeks. At last, one day, when he and his men were trying to fight their way into the city, he was wounded.

Paris, the Trojan prince, aimed a dart, a sharp pointed weapon, at the Greek hero. The dart pierced his heel; but even after he was wounded to death, Achilles went on fighting until he could fight no more. The Greeks, full of sorrow, took his body and buried it beside that of his friend Patroclus.

The Wooden Horse

Ten years had gone by since the Greeks set sail for Troy. They were tired of the long struggle, and they had lost many brave men. Queen Helen was still with the Trojans, and they had not been able to take the city.

At last one of the Greek princes thought of a cunning plan. He had a huge horse of wood built and set upon wheels. It was like a giant's horse, and its body was hollow, so that it would hold many men.

A company of brave soldiers hid themselves inside the horse. Then it was left outside the city, whilst the Greeks broke up their camp and pretended to sail away. They had only sailed to an island not far off, where they anchored their ships and waited.

When the Trojans found that their foes had gone, they ran out of the city, full of delight. There they found the horse of wood. They had never before seen anything like this strange thing, and they wondered what it was and what they should do with it.

Then, at last, they found a Greek named Sinon, who had been left behind in order that the Trojans should take him prisoner. He told them that a wise man had said the horse would bring harm to the Greeks if they carried it away with them, but that it would bring luck to the Trojans if it were brought inside their city.

The men of Troy believed this tale, and they dragged the great horse into the city with shouts of joy. Now they were sure that luck would be with them, and that the Greeks would trouble them no more.

When night came, and all the city was dark and silent, Sinon let his friends out of the horse's body. Then a signal was sent to the Greek ships, and soon the Greek army had landed once again on the shores of Troy.

But this time the Greeks, by the aid of their friends within the city, were able to enter it at once. Then a fearful fight took place; the men of Troy were killed by hundreds, and poor old King Priam and all his sons were slain. Queen Helen was carried away by her husband, and the city was set on fire.

So the Greek victors sailed away, leaving Troy a burning ruin. Only one Trojan prince, with his old father and his little son, escaped from the fight and the flames. His name was Aeneas, and you will read more about him later on.

The Man who came Home from Troy

One of the Greek heroes who sailed home from Troy was called Odysseus. He is often called Ulysses. He was the king of a beautiful island near the western shores of Greece. There, when he set out for Troy, he had left behind him his wife and his little son.

When Troy was taken, he left it gladly, for he was very eager to see his home once more. It was years, however, before he reached home, for so many strange things happened to him on the way. The old blind Homer has told us the story of Odysseus, and it is one of the most wonderful tales in the world.

Odysseus and his sailors went from Troy with twelve ships loaded with rich treasures. But they had not sailed far



On this island people think that Odysseus had his home

before they came to a strange land where a cruel giant lived.

This giant had only one eye, and he took Odysseus and twelve of his friends prisoners, and kept them in a cave. But Odysseus set them free, for he put out the monster's one eye. Having made the giant helpless, the hero escaped with his friends to their ships.

Another time Odysseus and his comrades visited a lovely island where lived a beautiful witch-maiden, who was guarded by lions and wolves. She worked a spell upon the friends of Odysseus so that they were all changed into swine, but she could not change Odysseus so. He had eaten a magic herb which had been given to him in order that he might keep his own shape.

The witch-maiden found that she was no match for the clever and cunning Odysseus. He made her change his

friends from swine into men again; and at last, after a whole year, she let the Greeks sail away from her magic island.

Many other strange things befell Odysseus before he got home. At the end of twenty weary years of voyaging, he landed once again upon his own dear island.

The little son he had left so long ago was now a fine, strong man. Odysseus' wife, the queen, was as lovely as ever, and many worthless young men, thinking that Odysseus was dead, were seeking to marry her. She did not forget her brave husband, and so, time after time, she put them off.

When Odysseus heard of this, he dressed himself like a ragged beggar, in order that no one should know who he was. Then he entered his own palace gates; and we are told how his faithful dog Argo, who had grown old and

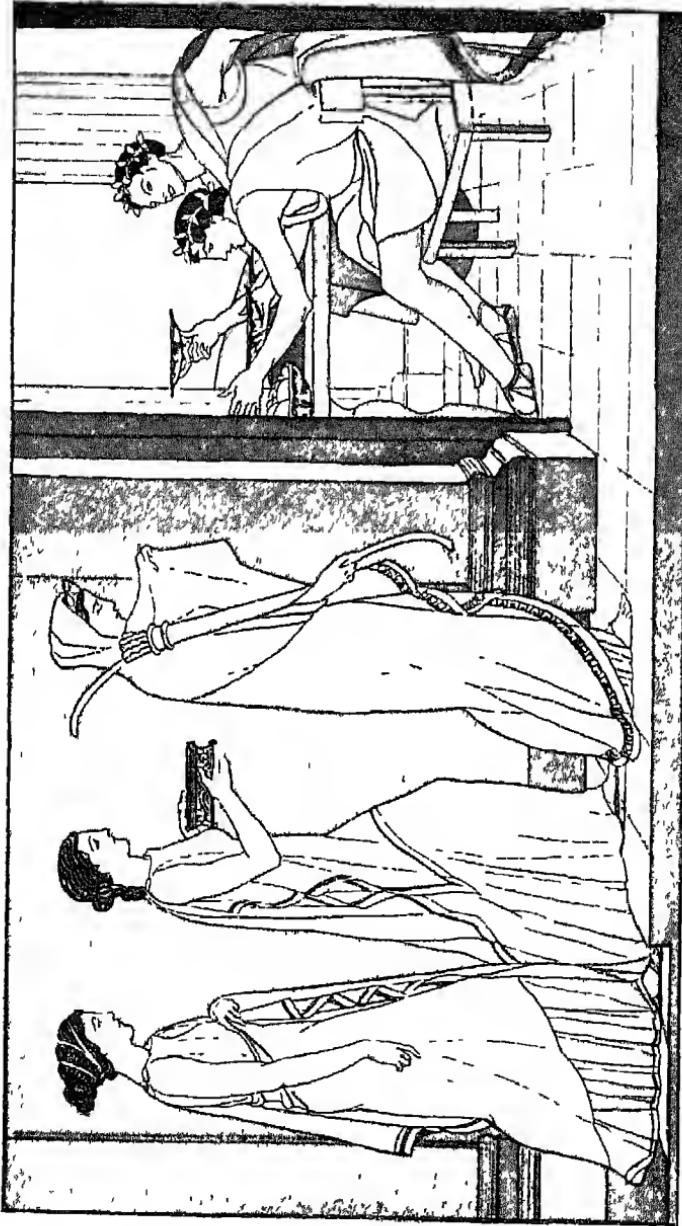
feeble, knew his master at once. In his joy he tried to leap up at him, and to lick his hand; but the old dog had not



The faithful Argos drops dead at the feet of Odysseus

the strength to do so, and with a sigh he sank dead at the feet of Odysseus.

The queen had promised to marry the man who could shoot with the great bow that had once belonged to Odysseus. When the day of trial came, all who wished to marry her tried their very best



THE QUEEN CARRYING THE BOW AND ARROWS OF ODYSSEUS TO THE SUITORS

Notice the long light flowing robes in which the Greek women are dressed

to bend the bow, but they could not. Then Odysseus, in his beggar's dress, stepped forward and asked to be allowed to shoot.

The other men mocked at him, but his own son stopped them, and told the beggar to try. Then Odysseus took the huge bow, bent it with ease, and sent an arrow through twelve rings, as he had often done years ago.

Thus it was known that the beggar was indeed Odysseus, for none but he had ever been able to bend the bow. When the queen heard the news her heart was filled with gladness, and with tears of joy she welcomed her brave husband to his island kingdom. There Odysseus reigned happily for many years, and so ends the story of his wanderings.

Two Wise Men of Greece

About eight hundred years before Jesus Christ was born there lived in Greece a wise man named Lycurgus. His home was in the south of Greece, in a city called Sparta.

Lycurgus loved Sparta and its people, and he wished to help them to live well and wisely. The people knew this, and they allowed him to make laws for them, because they were sure that the laws he would make would be just ones.

One of his laws was, that every rich man was to share his wealth with the poor. Many selfish men were not at all pleased to obey this order. We are told that one of these men was so angry with Lycurgus that he struck the wise man with a stick and hurt his eye.

But Lycurgus bore the pain quietly, without using any angry words towards

the man who had set upon him. He did not try to punish him, and when the man saw this he was sorry and ashamed.

When his work was done, Lycurgus left Sparta, making the people promise that they would keep his laws until he came home again. That was his way of getting them to live as he wished, for he never came back to Sparta.

In many ways the Spartans, and their children who came after them, went on living in the simple manner that Lycurgus had taught them. They caused their boys and girls to grow up brave and strong, and not to mind hardship or pain. Even to-day we talk about a "Spartan" man or woman, or "Spartan" conduct, when we mean a brave person, or a hardy way of life.

No Spartan was allowed to live in ease or idleness, to eat dainty food, or to wear rich clothes. The boys, when



Greek girls at play They are throwing a ball to one another

they were quite small, were taken away from their fathers and mothers, and sent to schools.

There they were taught, above all else, to be fearless and hardy, and to bear the worst pain without a cry. These boys made good soldiers when they grew up. Their mothers and sisters were just as brave, too, in another way. For they would bid them go out to the battlefield, and win the fight or die there.

Solon was the name of another wise man of Greece. He lived in Athens, a city which, with the land around it, was called a state, just as Sparta was. He made wise laws for the people of Athens, as Lycurgus did for the Spartans.

We are told that Solon “ did away with many bad old customs, and brought in better ones ”. He taught the people to rule Athens wisely for themselves. The people of Athens, though they were

brave, were not so hardy as those of Sparta.

Solon left Athens after his laws were made, and he travelled to other lands. He visited the court of a very rich king, who showed him all his gold and jewels. “Have you ever known a happier man than I am?” asked the king.

“Yes,” replied Solon. “I have known a man whose life was more worth living than yours is. He lived honestly, and died nobly for his country, and left good sons behind him. He was happier than you, my lord, for he was neither very rich nor very poor.”

Solon came home to Athens at last, and there he died when he was an old man, loved and honoured by all the people. It is said that he grew old always learning something new.

A Brave King

Many years after the days of Lycurgus and of Solon, the Greek people had to defend their land against some very fierce enemies. By this time the Greeks had become dwellers in cities, some of which contained very beautiful buildings. These enemies, who wished to conquer Greece, were the men of Persia, a land in the east.

The King of the Persians sent many, many soldiers, and a fleet of ships, to Greece.



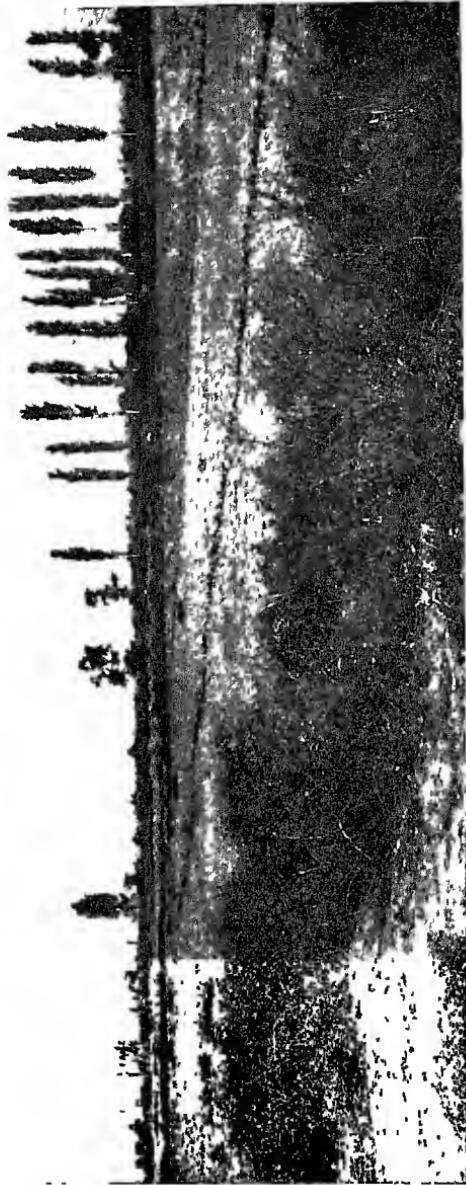
A Greek Soldier

His soldiers landed, and marched to the plain of Marathon, not far from Athens.

The Greek leader had not nearly so many men as the Persians, but he bravely led his army down from the hills, and met the Persians at Marathon. There a terrible battle took place; but at last the Persians were driven back and were forced to flee for their lives.

Ten years after this time, another Persian king sent to Greece a much larger army of men, and a fleet of thousands of ships. The Greeks had not half the number of men or vessels that their enemy had, and they knew what a fearful task it would be to keep back the Persians, who were already entering their land from the north.

The way of the Persian soldiers lay through a narrow passage between the mountains and the sea. This passage was called Thermopylae, and it was



IN THE PASS OF THERMOPYLAE

In the photograph you are looking from the sea-shore towards the mountains over which the unfaithful Greek led the Persians Since the time of the battle twenty-four hundred years ago the sea has gone back and the pass is now very wide

the only way by which the army could march from the north into Greece.

One of the kings of Sparta, a brave and noble leader named Leonidas, said that he and a few of his men would face the Persian king and his army in the narrow passage first. He meant to defend the passage until his friends had got enough men to drive the enemy out of their country.

So, with only a few thousand soldiers, he marched to Thermopylae. The Persian king did not believe that Leonidas, with his few men, meant to fight his great army. "Lay down your arms!" he said to Leonidas. But the Spartan king only replied: "Come and take them!"

So the fight began, and what a fierce struggle it was! The Persian king sent forward the best and bravest of his soldiers, but they were no match for the gallant Greeks.

Time after time the Persians were driven back in the narrow passage. It seemed as if they would have to give up trying to force their way, and to turn back altogether. And so they would have done, had not one Greek been unfaithful to his countrymen.

This man showed the enemy a narrow path over the mountains. The path led round to the back of the Greek army, and a band of Persian soldiers crept along it by night. When morning came, Leonidas found that there were Persians behind him as well as in front of him!

Now he knew that



A Persian Soldier

he must face certain death. With three hundred of his Spartans, and seven hundred more Greeks, he made up his mind to die fighting, like the brave man that he was. We are told that he and his men “rushed among the Persians and fought like lions till they fell”; and Leonidas was among the first to die.

So, though his brave stand seemed to be in vain, it yet showed how noble Greeks could fight for their country, and, if need be, die for it. Over the bodies of the Spartan king and his men a stone was set up, and on it were written these words:

“Go, tell the Spartans, you who pass us by,
That we obeyed their laws, and here we lie.”

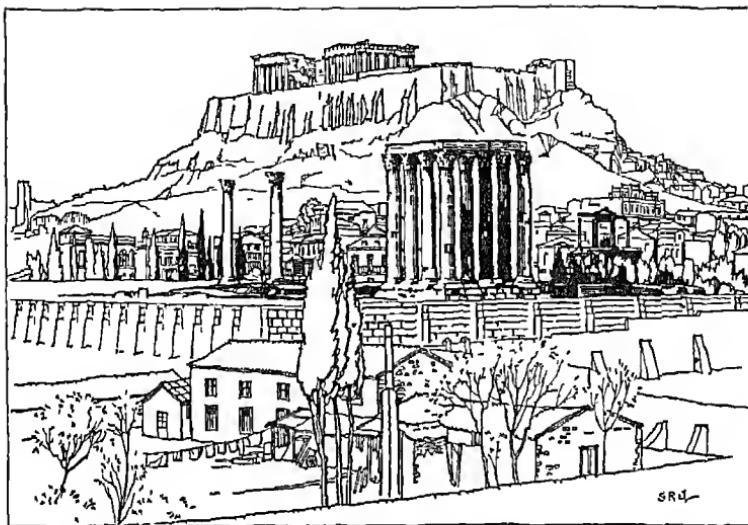
After this the Greeks met the Persians in another great battle. This time they fought upon the sea, near a place called Salamis. The proud Persian king sat

on the seashore, upon his golden throne, to watch his vessels gain the victory which he was sure they would have in that fierce fight.

He only saw them being sunk or burned by the Greeks, or sailing away from the battle in fear. So, after all, the Persians never became masters of the Greeks and their land for which the Greeks fought so bravely.



The Battle of Salamis was fought in the straits seen in the background



Part of Athens as it is to-day, showing the Acropolis. Notice the ruins of the old temples and look at the picture on page 68.

The Story of a Beautiful City

You have already heard a little about Athens, the chief city of Greece. It was one of the most beautiful cities in the world, and the men who lived in it tried to make it more beautiful still.

One of the most famous of these men was called Pericles, who for a long time was the chief man in Athens. The people

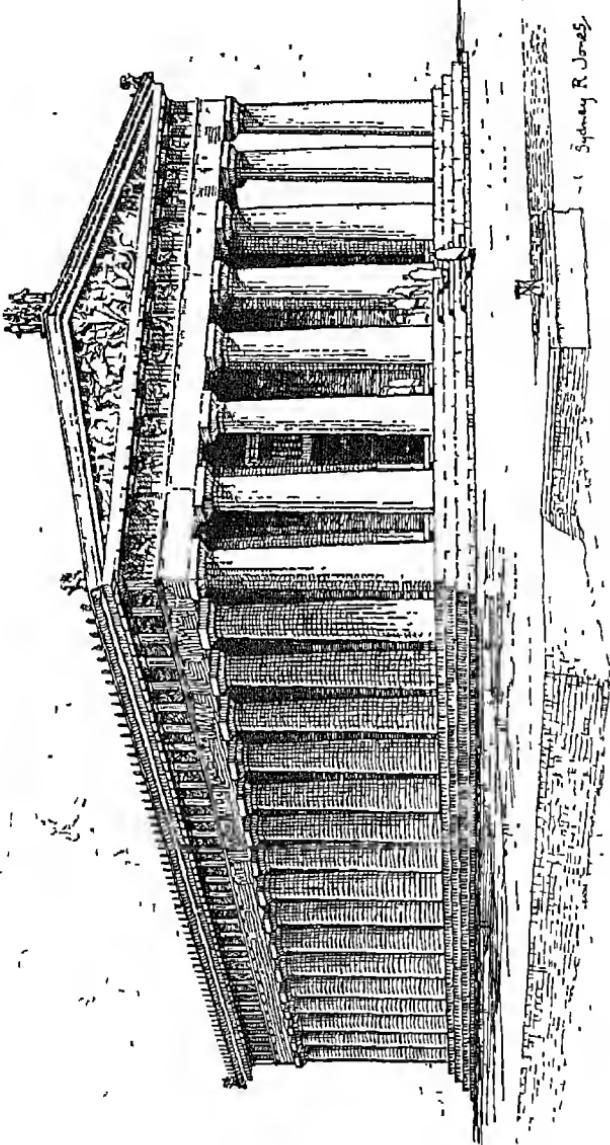
loved him well, and they had good cause to do so, for he did a great deal for them.

In the city of Athens stands a rocky hill, with a flat top. This hill is called the Acropolis, from two Greek words meaning high and a city. Round the Acropolis, in olden times, was the city itself.

On the top of the Acropolis Pericles built a beautiful temple, that is to say, a kind of church. It was not a church for the worship of God, such as we have to-day.

In the days of Pericles the Greeks did not believe in God, the Heavenly Father of all. They thought that many good and evil spirits, whom they called gods and goddesses, took care of men, and sometimes punished them. The temple on the Acropolis was the church of one of their goddesses.

It was called the Parthenon, and was



This is what the Parthenon looked like in the days of Pericles

built of finest white marble. Forty-six great marble pillars held up the carved roof. Inside the temple were beautiful paintings and sculptures, that is, figures carved in stone. The ruins of the Parthenon are still standing, and by them we can tell what a grand place it must once have been.

The Greeks were very fond of acting, and of seeing plays acted. So Pericles caused a great theatre to be built in Athens. It was not like our theatres, for it had no roof or walls, but was open to the air.

The actors played their parts upon an open space in the centre, and all around the space were rings of stone seats, rising one above another. This theatre may still be seen, and in some ways it is very like the circuses that we have to-day.

Pericles was the friend of painters,

poets, and sculptors, and of all clever men. He set up many other fine buildings in Athens besides the Parthenon and the great theatre, for he loved all beautiful things. In his day, the city became famous as a place of learned and clever men, and of lovely buildings.

When he was seventy years old, Pericles died of a terrible sickness called the plague, which broke out in Athens. During his life, the folk of Sparta had quarrelled with the people of Athens, and had gone to war with them.

The war lasted a long time, but when many years had gone by, Athens was captured by the Spartans. After it had been taken this beautiful city, the pride of its people, was never again so famous as it had been in the days of the great Pericles.

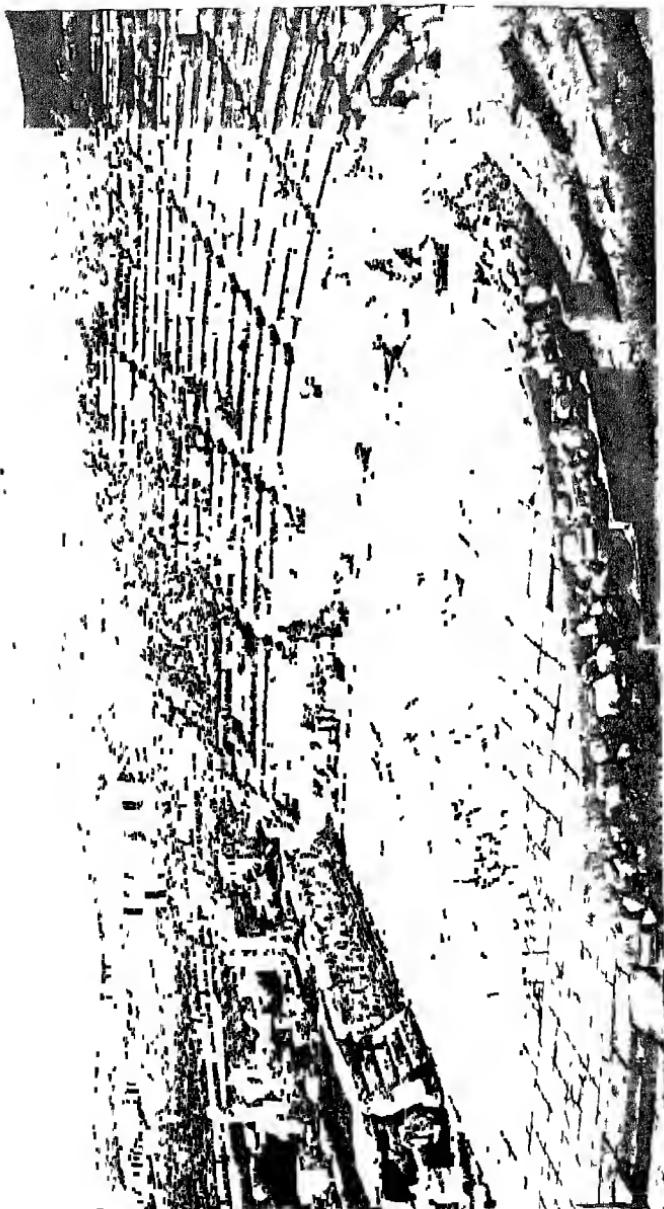
A Hero of Greece

Now you are to read about one of the most famous of all the great men of Greece. This was a brave soldier and general, whose name was Alexander.

Alexander was the son of King Philip of Macedon, a country in the north of Greece. When the prince was only a boy, he began to make a name for himself by more than one gallant deed.

He was fourteen years old when he tamed one of the king's horses, a wild young beast that no one else could mount. He soon taught it to carry him, and after that the two were the best of friends. He called the horse Bucephalus, and for many years he had no other horse to carry him to battle.

King Philip died when his son was twenty, and Alexander was left to rule



REMAINS OF A GREEK THEATRE AT ATHENS

the kingdom. He soon showed that he knew how to command his people, and he longed to rule other kingdoms too.

The folk of Persia were still the enemies of Greece. So Alexander, with many thousands of soldiers, crossed over to the eastern land which we call Asia Minor. There he fought many battles against the Persian king and his great armies. He overcame them all, and after a few years he became the ruler of the Persian people.

Many stories are told of this Greek hero. From one of them we learn how, when he lay sick of a fever, he received a letter which told him that his doctor meant to give him poison in his medicine. But Alexander had too noble a mind to believe the tale, and he put the letter into the doctor's hand as he took his medicine. Afterwards he must have been

glad that he had trusted this faithful friend, for in three days he was well again.

Alexander and his armies marched into the land of Egypt, and conquered it. There the King built the city of Alexandria, which takes its name from him. His soldiers loved him well, and they were ready to follow their great leader anywhere.

Once, when crossing a dry, hot desert, he and his troops were faint with thirst. A helmet filled with water was brought to Alexander, but the King would not drink, because, he said, his men were as thirsty as he, and there was not enough water for all. No wonder his soldiers were proud to serve such a brave and unselfish king!

Alexander led his men into the land we now call India, and whilst he was there his good horse Bucephalus died.



Alexander the Great
75

The King built a city over his dear friend's tomb, and he called the city Bucephalia.

Alexander conquered so many kingdoms that at last he became known as Alexander the Great. We are told that "he made himself master of what was then called the world". Of course, in those days, men little knew how large the world really was.

The stories say that Alexander wept when there were no more lands left for him to conquer. It is true that this great Greek king did much to make Greece famous in many lands. He might have done much more had he lived to be an old man, but he died of a fever in Egypt, when he was only thirty-two years old.

How the Greeks Lived

Let us fancy that we are the friends of some Greek boy who lived in Athens in the days of that great man Pericles. We will suppose that we are visiting Athens, and our friend is going with us through the city.

It is a festival, or holiday, and many folk have come in from the other Greek cities to share in the merry-making. We walk along the sunny streets, between the low white houses, and past many temples with their tall marble pillars. A great company of men, women, and children go by us, singing and dancing, and bearing in their midst a statue

(2713)



A Greek youth

E



A Greek lady

of one of their gods. They are going to worship it in the temple nearby.

The folk about us are not dressed like the people of to-day. Both men and women are wearing long, light, flowing robes, with sandals upon their feet.

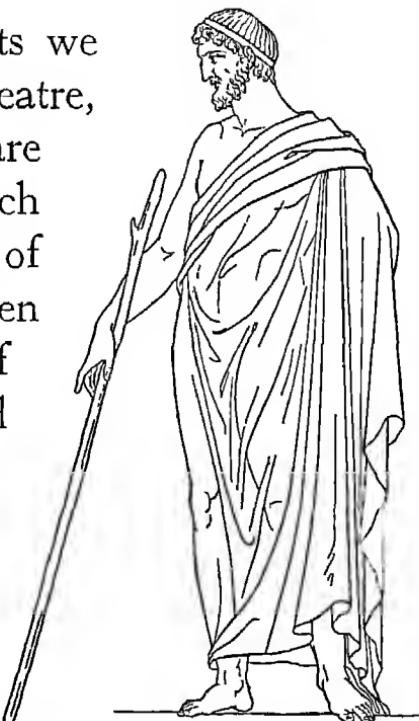
Now we must make way for a chariot, or open car, which comes dashing past us, drawn by four splendid horses. In the chariot is a group of young men, fresh from the great games which in those days were held every four years in Greece.

Men from every part of Greece went to these games, and strove to win prizes for wrestling, running, leaping, boxing, and chariot-racing. The prize was a crown of olive leaves, and the young

man driving the chariot which passes us is wearing such a crown.

Our Greek friend is a schoolboy yet, studying language and music, and learning many exercises of strength and skill. He hopes some day to take part in the famous games, and to win a crown of olive leaves too.

From the streets we go to the great theatre, where crowds are gathered to watch the plays. Many of these plays, written by clever men of Athens, are read and studied now by those who understand the Greek language. We must not forget that the



A Greek man

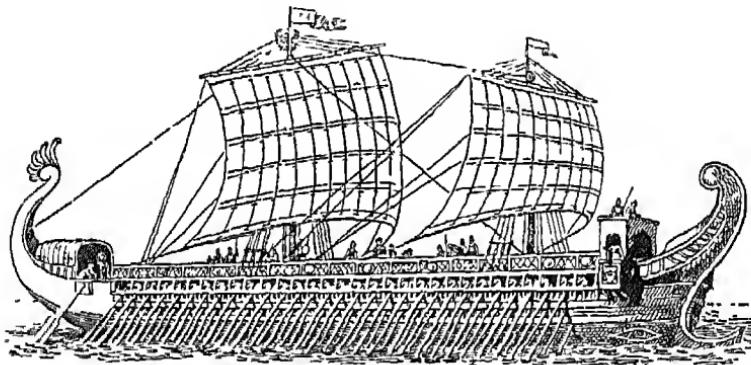
Greek theatres were the beginning of the theatres as we know them to-day.

After showing us the theatre our friend takes us to his own home, through a lovely garden where fountains play in marble basins, and so into the house. Here sit his mother and sisters, very busy doing beautiful needlework. They are waited upon by slaves. In the days of which we are reading, all rich Greeks kept slaves.

Soon we walk down to the harbour, four miles from Athens. Here we see some big warships, but they are not steamships, like those of to-day. They have great sails, and they are rowed by scores of slaves.

Had it not been the days of the great Greek festival we might have seen companies of soldiers, but they do not look like the soldiers of our time. They have no rifles, but they carry tall spears,

swords, and round shields. Their arms are bare, and so are their legs except for pieces of armour which guard the fronts of the legs. They wear shining helmets, and strong armour which covers them from the neck to the waist.



A Greek Trireme Notice the three rows of oars

In many other ways also we should have seen how different things were then. Yet if it had not been for the people about whom you have read in these stories, we should have missed a great many beautiful things and much knowledge.

Someone has said: " You cannot walk through a great town without passing Greek buildings;" that is, buildings set up on the same plan, and with the same kinds of ornaments that the Greeks of old used. Men learned from the Greeks how to carve in stone lovely images of beautiful or famous people. Some Greek statues, as we call these images, have been carefully kept for hundreds of years. Yet even to-day they are the pattern for our sculptors, for no one has ever been able to shape anything that was more life-like or more beautiful. Some day, perhaps, you will see some of these statues when you visit the British Museum in London.

" You can hardly find a well-written book which has not in it Greek names and words." This, too, is true; for many of the words in our language have come to us from the Greeks. From them

also we have some of the letters of our alphabet. We must not forget that the word alphabet itself is Greek, from the words alpha, beta, the first two letters of the Greek A B C.

Aa B β $\Gamma\gamma$ $\Delta\delta$

The first four letters of the Greek alphabet

Besides all these things, the Greeks taught us much more, both of wisdom and of knowledge. They increased the knowledge of numbers and measurement. We got from them the beginnings of our geography. They also studied and wrote much about the way people should behave, one to another. Above all we learn much from them about the many kinds of government people may have in order to live together. So we can never forget what we owe to them, because thus every day, in hundreds of ways, we are reminded of some wise, or

useful, or beautiful thing which we have learnt from them.

After many years had passed, the Greeks were conquered by another great race of people. These people were called Romans, because they came from Rome, the chief city in the land of Italy; and now you are to read something of their doings in the days of long ago.

Dido the Queen

You will remember how the Greeks burned the city of Troy, and how only one of the Trojan princes was able to make his escape from the burning town.

This prince, Aeneas, found a ship and sailed away in haste from his own land. He had to make a long voyage, and many strange things befell him, before he came at last to the land of Italy.

There he built a town, and there, at last, he died. The old stories of Rome say that Aeneas was the first of the great race of Roman people.

A famous Roman poet named Virgil wrote a long poem about the wandering of Aeneas after he sailed from Troy. Like the songs of the Greek Homer this great poem is known and loved far and wide even to-day. Here is one of the stories it tells.

After many adventures Aeneas was driven by a fierce storm towards the land we now call Africa. On the north-eastern coast of Africa there then stood a city called Carthage, which had been built by a beautiful queen named Dido.

Aeneas came to Carthage, and was welcomed before Queen Dido, who treated him as her noble guest. He stayed at her palace a long time, and by and by the queen came to love him dearly. Or



Aeneas and Dido

night Aeneas had a dream, in which, he thought, one of the gods told him that he must sail across the sea to Italy and there make his home.

Then Aeneas knew that he must leave Carthage and Dido, and see them no

more. He bade a sad farewell to the beautiful queen, who wept and pleaded to him to stay with her. Yet all her tears were in vain, for Aeneas left her, and set sail.

But Dido said: "I will not live without him." She bade her people build a great pile of wood on the sea-shore, and on the pile she made them lay all the gifts that Aeneas had given to her.

Then the pile was set alight. As Aeneas sailed away from the city, he saw a great cloud of smoke and tall flames arising from the burning heap. In the midst of the flames lay Queen Dido, dead, for she had mounted the pile and driven a sword through her heart because the noble Aeneas was gone from her for ever.

Romulus and Remus

Rome, the chief city of Italy, is set upon seven hills. It was built more than two thousand years ago, and this is the story told about its beginning.

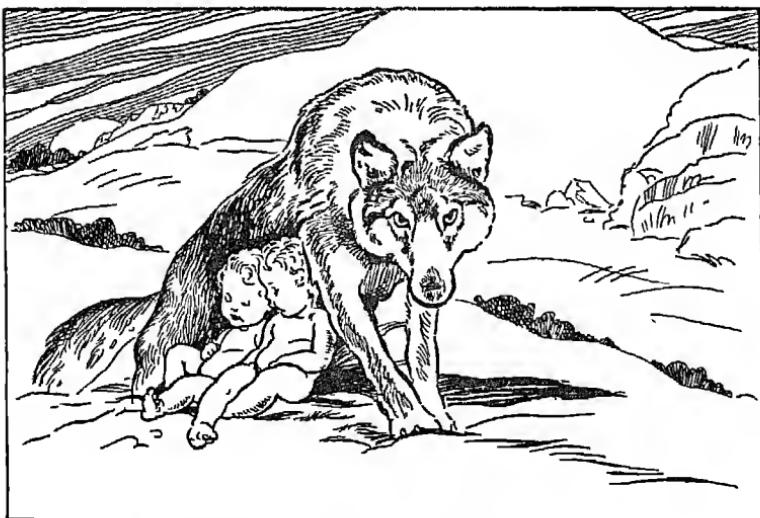
Once upon a time, in the city built in Italy by the son of Aeneas, two little baby princes were born. They were twins, and their names were Romulus and Remus.

Their great-uncle, who was king of the city at that time, was a harsh and cruel man. He had killed his nephew, their father, the rightful king, and had taken his kingdom. He killed the babies' mother, too. When he saw the twins he did not wish them to live, lest, when they grew up, they might take the kingdom away from him.

So he ordered the little babes to be

thrown into the river Tiber, near the city; and this was done. The children did not drown, however, as the king had hoped. Instead, they were washed up by the river on to the slope of a hill. There they were found by a mother-wolf.

This wolf must have been a gentle beast. The story says that she carried the children to her lair, and warmed



The wolf finds the twins Romulus and Remus

them, and fed them with her own milk. Then, by and by, a shepherd found them, and took them home with him.

The shepherd kept the babies until they were tall, strong boys. Time passed by, and soon the twins were so strong and bold that they were able to kill their cruel uncle, the false king. Then they gave the city to their grandfather.

Romulus and Remus wished to have a city for themselves, so they made up their minds to build one. They could not agree about the place where it should stand.

Romulus chose one hill, and Remus another. At last, as they still could not agree, they looked for some sign which they thought would show them who was to have his way. They watched from the hill-tops, and at dawn next day Remus saw six great birds, called

vultures, fly past him. When the sun rose, Romulus saw twelve vultures fly by.

"I saw the birds first!" cried Remus.
"So I shall have my way!" But Romulus said: "I saw more birds than you, so I shall build the city where I choose!" He then ploughed a furrow round the hill he had chosen, and began to build a wall where the furrow ran.

Then Remus mocked him, and leaped over his wall; and the two brothers be-



Rome looked something like this when it was a great city You see one of the hills of Rome in the background

gan to quarrel, and then to fight. At last, in the struggle, Romulus killed Remus; and so, by this ill deed, he had his own way.

He built his city, the story says, and called it Rome, from his own name Romulus. Whether the tale is really true or not, we do not know. Rome stands to-day on the hills above the river Tiber, and the oldest part of Rome is the place where Romulus built his wall.

Some Brave Romans and their Foes

There was once a king of Rome named Tarquin the Proud. He was not a good king, and he treated his people in such a cruel way that at last they rose against him and turned him out of Rome.

Tarquin went for help to the prince

of a people who lived in that part of Italy which is now called Tuscany. This prince's name was Porsena, and he promised to help Tarquin to fight against the Romans.

He called all his soldiers together until he had gathered a great army, with which he set out for Rome. On the way Porsena's men burned the homes of the poor country folk, and spoiled all their fields of corn, and their vines and fruit-trees.

The people fled before that terrible army, and rushed in fear towards Rome. They crossed the big wooden bridge over the river Tiber, which was on the only open side of the city. When they were safe inside the city walls they raised the cry: "The Tuscans are coming!"

Every man in Rome ran to seize his weapons. The Tuscans should not enter Rome if Romans could stop them! Now,



The Tuscan army on the march to Rome

from their high walls, the men of the city could see the great army. It had almost reached the far side of the bridge.

“The bridge must be broken down!” the Romans cried. “That is the only way to save the city!”

Then a brave Roman soldier named Horatius called to his friends: “Cut down the bridge, and I and two others will defend it while you do so! The

bridge is so narrow that three men may well stand there against a thousand!"

At his bold words, two noble Romans sprang to his side. Together the three dashed out across the bridge, whilst their friends began to cut it down behind them.

The Tuscans shouted with laughter when they saw Horatius and his friends waiting for them. Three men against a thousand! But they laughed no longer when soldier after soldier went forward and was struck down and killed outright by the three defending the bridge.

So that odd, fierce fight went on. Not one Tuscan passed the three, while still, in haste, the Romans were cutting down the bridge. Now only a few timbers of it were left. "Come back before it falls!" cried the Romans.

Horatius heard the cry, and he sent his friends back. He himself stayed where he was, killing and wounding foe after foe, until the whole of the bridge was broken down behind him.

Then he turned and plunged into the river. In spite of his armour he was able to swim across the deep, wide stream and reach the city, unharmed. Then what a shout of joy arose from every man, woman, and child within the city! The brave Horatius had kept the bridge, and Rome was safe!

Porsena now made his army cross the river at other points and surround the city. Then, one night, a bold young Roman named Mucius crept into the Tuscan camp and tried to kill Porsena.

He failed to do so, and the Tuscans took him prisoner, and led him before their prince. Porsena was about to punish him, when all at once Mucius thrust his

right hand into the flames of a fire. The hand was burned away before the hardy Roman moved his arm, and said proudly: " See, I take no heed of pain, so punish me as you will!"

Then Porsena let the young man go free; and at that Mucius said: " Now I will tell you that I am one of the three hundred Romans who have sworn to kill you!"

No doubt Porsena was full of wonder, and was pleased, too, to see such courage in a foe. At any rate, after that he made peace with Rome. He took away with him ten Roman boys and ten maidens as hostages, that is, pledges that his enemies would keep their word to him.

One Roman maiden escaped from Porsena's army, and swam home to Rome across the Tiber. Her own people, however, sent her back again, and Porsena, when he knew of this, set her free. More



Mucius before Porsenna

than that, he let her take one of the hostages with her, whichever she might choose. So the maiden chose the youngest of all. It may have been, perhaps, her little brother or sister: who can tell?

It is by such stories as these that we know what fearless folk the Romans were, and how they loved Rome.

“For Romans, in Rome’s quarrel,
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
In the brave days of old.”

A Proud Roman Soldier

The Romans had often to fight against enemy tribes who lived in other parts of the land, and who wished to conquer Rome. The people of one of these tribes were called the Volscians, and in a fierce war between the two peoples the Romans were the victors.

At that time there lived at Rome a young nobleman named Marcius. During the war against the Volscians he had shown himself to be a very brave and clever soldier. He had done many gallant deeds, and, with his men, had taken a town which belonged to the enemy.

The name of the town was Corioli. The Romans were so pleased that Marcius had taken it, that to honour him they gave him ever afterwards the name of Coriolanus.

The father of Coriolanus had died when his son was very young, but he had a mother, a brave and noble lady, whom he loved with all his heart. He had also a wife and two little children.

We are told that the only thing that made him love honour and glory in war was the joy he saw his mother took in him. Nothing made him so happy as the thought that she might hear everybody praise him.

As time went on, the Romans honoured him more and more for his brave deeds, and Coriolanus came to be a famous general, and a great person in Rome, whilst he was still a young man.

Most of the high-born men of Rome thought much of him. The humbler folk did not like him so well, for he was a very proud and haughty man, and sometimes he treated those beneath him very sternly.

He loved Rome dearly. But he behaved most harshly towards the poor people of Rome, for he thought they were of very little importance.

At last the folk began to hate him, and in the end they drove him out of Rome. Then Coriolanus went away alone, leaving his wife and his mother in the city. His heart was full of bitter anger towards the Romans. He vowed that he would punish his countrymen, and make them pay dearly for what they had done.

He went to his old enemies, the Volscians, and offered to lead their army against Rome. The Volscians were only too pleased to have so famous a general as Coriolanus for their leader, and their soldiers followed him willingly to Rome.

When the Romans knew that Coriolanus, with a great enemy army, was at the city gates, they were afraid. "Who

dare stand," they said, "against so great a leader with hundreds of foes ready to fight for him?"

So they sent a number of wise men to beg him to spare his own city; but Coriolanus would not listen to them. Then they sent out a band of priests, who prayed him to leave Rome in peace. Still this proud Roman soldier would not give way. He paid no heed to their pleadings.

Then at last came his mother and his wife and his two little children. They made their way to his tent, and fell down on their knees before him. His mother begged him to forget his angry feelings against the Romans, and to have mercy upon Rome.

At her earnest words the pride of Coriolanus gave way. "Oh, Mother," he cried, "what have you done to me?" Then he raised her to her feet, and kissed



Coriolanus gives way to his mother's pleading

her, and his wife and little ones, and said in sorrowful tones: "Oh, Mother, you have saved Rome, but you have lost your son."

Coriolanus spoke truly, for he left Rome in peace and led the Volscians back to their own country, but he never returned to his home again.

Some stories say that he was killed by the Volscians. Others tell us that he stayed, a stranger in a strange land, until his death, and that he said: "Only an old man knows what it is to live in a far country."

The Geese that Saved the Capitol

Some of the worst foes Rome had to fight in olden days were a people called the Gauls. They were wild and savage

folk, and they came from the northern part of the land of Italy.

Nothing could stand against their great army. It swept down from the hills and attacked the Romans, who, in a fierce battle, were “shamefully beaten”. Then the Gauls entered the city of Rome, and killed the old, wise men, called senators, who helped to make laws for the people.

They killed these old men in the great public square called the Forum. Then they burned the city, and robbed it of its wealth and treasures. Most of the Roman folk had fled to a place of safety, for they knew that it would be of no use to try to stand against the strong and cruel Gauls.

The greater part of the Roman soldiers had taken shelter in the Capitol. This was the name of a rocky hill on which stood the city fortress. The fort-

ress was a strong one, and the hill was steep and dangerous to climb. So the Romans were able to hold the Capitol against their foes for seven months.

As time went on they grew short of food, and no help came to them. On the hill there was a temple of Juno, one of the Roman goddesses, and in this temple were kept some geese. Yet the Romans would not kill the geese for food, because, they said, they were sacred birds which belonged to their goddess.

Then, one night, the Gauls almost took the Capitol. They had found a path up the steep rock, and when all was dark and silent a number of them climbed up this path towards the fortress.

The weary Roman guards had fallen asleep at their posts, and the Gauls crept on so silently that not even the dogs of the fortress heard them. Up and

up climbed the enemy, creeping nearer and nearer to the walls.

All at once a loud cackling broke out in the dead silence of the night. The hungry geese of Juno's temple had become uneasy. Perhaps they heard the stealthy footsteps climbing the rock. At any rate, they were doing their best to arouse the soldiers, and what a din they made!

A bold Roman called Manlius sprang up, wide awake. He ran and pushed back the first Gaul who came in sight above the edge of the rock. The Gaul fell on top of his fellows, who were thrown into disorder, and by this time many more Romans had come to help Manlius.

They beat back the Gauls, after a hard struggle, and so the Capitol was saved. The geese that had helped to save it were more honoured than ever. We



HOW THE GEESE SAVED ROME

Notice the statue of the wolf standing over the twins Romulus and Remus

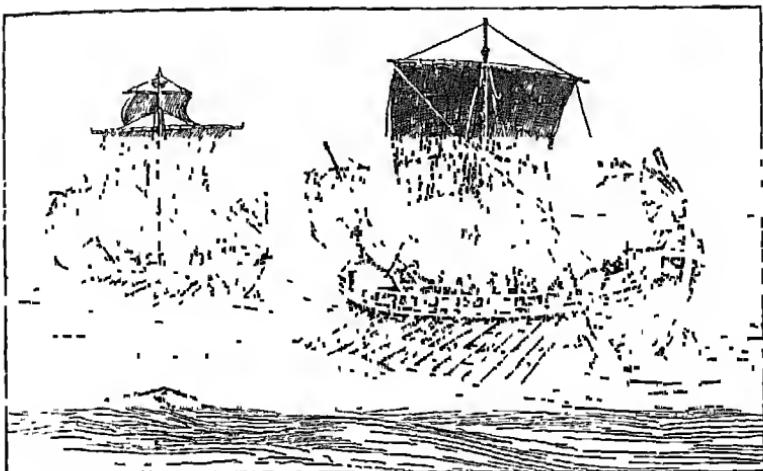
are told that the brave Manlius was called Capitolinus from that day.

How a Brave Man kept his Word

You will remember reading about Carthage, the city in Africa which was built, the old stories say, by Queen Dido.

Two hundred and fifty years before Our Lord was born, the men of Carthage were known as the best sailors in the world, and they had a larger fleet of ships than any other nation. The Romans, however, had the best soldiers, and year by year the Roman race was growing more powerful in other lands.

At this time Rome and Carthage were at war with one another. They had quarrelled as to which should be the



Roman Warships. Notice the steering oars at each side of the stern
 Rudders had not yet been invented

ruler of a large island that lies between Italy and Africa. The name of this beautiful island is Sicily, and in those days the folk who lived there were settlers who had come from Greece.

The Romans meant to conquer the folk of Carthage, and so they built their first fleet of warships. Then they filled the ships with trained and hardy soldiers, and put to sea. They overcame the men of Carthage in a fierce sea-battle, and

soon after this the Roman army was able to land in Africa.

The leader of the Romans was a brave man named Regulus. It is said that he was at first a poor farmer; but later on he became one of the consuls, that is, the men who helped to govern Rome.

He was proud to serve Rome in either peace or war, for he loved his country dearly. He and his army beat the men of Carthage in Africa, and made them beg for peace. Soon a Greek army came to the help of Carthage. This army was so strong that by and by the Romans, in their turn, were beaten, and Regulus was made a prisoner.

So Carthage, for the time being, had the victory. Yet it was not a lasting one, for the Romans soon after won another great battle in Sicily. Then the men of Carthage sent messengers to Rome, begging the Romans to make peace, and

with these messengers they sent Regulus, who was still a prisoner.

"We will let you go back to Rome," the men of Carthage said to him. "But you must promise to return here if your people will not make peace with us." Regulus made a solemn promise to his captors, and sailed home to Rome.

When he reached his own city, he urged his countrymen not to make peace with Carthage. "Let the war go on," he said, "and Rome will be sure to triumph in the end." At the same time he knew that if the war did go on he would have to return to Carthage and be put to death by his foes.

Yet Regulus did not think of himself, but only of his country. Come what might, his promise must be kept. All his friends tried to prevent him from going back to Carthage. His wife and his children clung about his neck weep-



Regulus returns to Carthage

ing, and begged him not to return, but he did not listen to them. The brave Regulus would keep his word, even if it meant death to do so.

Thus he sailed back to Carthage, and gave himself up to his enemies. They put him to death with terrible tortures, for they were vexed and angry that peace had not been made.

So this fearless Roman, who placed his country and his honour before all things, never saw Rome triumph over Carthage, as it did many years afterwards.

A Famous General

Some years after the death of Regulus, war broke out again between Carthage and Rome. This time the quarrel was about Spain, a country which lies west of Italy, but is parted from it by the sea. By land the way from Spain to Italy is to the north, through France and over very high mountains.

The folk of Carthage wished to conquer Spain, but the Romans wanted to have it for themselves. So another war began, and this war lasted for nearly seventeen years.

The great leader of the army of Carthage in Spain was a brave general named Hannibal. We are told that, before he was nine years old, his father, who was a general too, asked him if he wished to be a soldier when he grew

up. "Yes," replied little Hannibal at once. "Then," said his father, "give me your hand, and say that you will always be the enemy of Rome."

The boy did as he was bidden, and when he became a man he never forgot his promise. He first served Carthage well in Spain by overcoming the Romans and their friends in that country. Then, a year or two later, he set out to enter Italy and to fight the Romans there.

He took with him a great army, and he had also many elephants, which the soldiers of Carthage in those days often used in battle instead of horses. For these huge beasts were so powerful that they could not only carry men upon their backs into the thick of the fight, but they could trample upon their foes and crush them to death.

Hannibal's great army marched into Italy by way of France, but before he

and his men could enter Italy they had to cross a range of very high, snowy mountains called the Alps.

The task of getting an army over these rough, wild mountains was a terrible one. Hannibal's men and beasts were not used to snow and ice, or to climbing rocky heights. Many of them died of the bitter cold, or had to be left behind by their comrades, too worn-out to go farther.

When at last the army came down on to the plains of Italy it was not much more than half as large as it had been when it left Spain. Yet Hannibal overcame the Romans in more than one great battle, and all the time he kept marching farther and farther into his enemy's land.

For many years Hannibal kept his soldiers in Italy, winning many victories for Carthage; but his army never entered



A Road across the Alps to-day

Rome. He could not tire out the stubborn Romans, or make them give in.

As time went on his army was not as strong as it once had been, for during those years in Italy he lost many brave men. Soon the Romans began to attack him time after time, and they forced his soldiers to draw back into the south of Italy.



Hannibal

Then the Romans sent an army into Africa. The leader of the army was a clever Roman general named Scipio, and the folk of Carthage feared this foe so much that they sent for Hannibal to come and help them.

So Hannibal left Italy for Africa.

There he and his army were overcome in a great battle against Scipio and his soldiers, and thus Carthage had to give way to Rome once more.

Scipio went home to Rome, full of triumph that he had at last overcome the famous Hannibal. His countrymen received him with great joy, and gave him many honours.

The brave Hannibal was treated in a very different way by his own people, for whom he had fought so long and so well. They forgot all that he had done for them, and they were ungrateful to him and jealous of him.

At last he had to leave Carthage, and then he took shelter at the courts of many foreign kings. Yet the Romans did not feel that they were safe whilst this great soldier lived. They found out his hiding-place, and demanded that he should be given up to them.

Hannibal, however, had made up his mind that he would never become the prisoner of Rome, his lifelong enemy. At the same time he was so full of unhappiness that he had no wish to live. So he took his own life by drinking poison.

The Story of Two Brothers

Year by year, as time went on, the Romans were quickly becoming the masters of every known land. Most of the noblemen of Rome were rich and powerful. The poor folk, however, had to bear great hardships, for they were badly treated by the rich, and they had few to take their part.

There lived in Rome at this time a noble lady who had two young sons. Her husband was dead, but she brought

up her boys with great care, and was very proud of them. It is said that when other Roman ladies visited her, and showed her their costly bracelets and necklaces, she would send for her sons and point to them, saying, " See, here are my jewels!"

These two brothers were clever scholars, and good soldiers too. When they became men, they made up their minds to help the humble folk of Rome. They wished every poor man to have his rights, just as every rich man had.

Tiberius, the elder brother, got the people to choose him to speak for them in the Forum, the public place where laws were made. Then he said there should be a law by which the public land that had been seized by the rich men should be divided among the poor.

Some of his noble friends agreed with him, and this law was made. Many

selfish and wealthy Romans were very angry with Tiberius, and made up their minds to punish him. One day they fought with him and his friends in the Forum, and in the struggle Tiberius was killed.

His brother Caius, who was a few years younger, spent his life also in trying to help the poor people. He did much to right their wrongs, and to make laws so that they might be treated in a more just way by the powerful nobles.

The nobles hated Caius as they had hated his brother, because he was on the side of the poor. They tried many times to get rid of him, and at last they forced him to fight them. Their party was too strong for him and his faithful friends. Caius tried to escape from his enemies, but he could not. So, rather than become their prisoner, he made one of his own slaves stab him to death.

These two brave brothers will never be forgotten because of what they did to help the poor folk of Rome. Years after they were dead, their statues were set up in Rome, and they came to be honoured among the best sons of their country.

How a Great Roman came to our Land

Just a hundred years before the birth of Jesus Christ, there was born in Rome a boy known to us as Julius Caesar. He grew up to be a clever scholar and a good soldier, and when he became a man he longed to be the leader of the Roman people.

He knew that the best way to get his wish was to conquer more countries for Rome. As a young man he fought well

for Rome in Spain. Then, some years later, he led an army into the land of France, which was at that time called Gaul.



Julius Caesar

By and by he conquered the men of Gaul, though it was some years before they were quite overcome. Caesar found that in their battles against him they were helped by tribes of fierce men called Britons, who crossed the

narrow sea that parts France, or Gaul, from the island of Britain—our own land.

Caesar, having beaten the Gauls, thought that he would overcome the Britons too, and thus add Britain to the many countries ruled by Rome. So he and his soldiers set sail in a fleet of ships, and landed upon our island.

The Britons were very angry when they saw the Roman ships draw near to their shores. They rushed into the sea, waving their spears and hurling stones at the enemy. It was not easy for Caesar's men to land; but soon they leaped from their ships into the waves. Then, little by little, they drove the Britons back from the shore.

The Roman troops were too strong for the Britons, for they were well armed and well trained. The men of Britain, though they were very brave, had not such good weapons as the Romans had. And instead of wearing strong steel armour like that of the Romans, they had little to protect them except round shields covered with tough skins of animals.

In the end they were beaten by Caesar and his army. The great general did not stay very long in Britain. It was



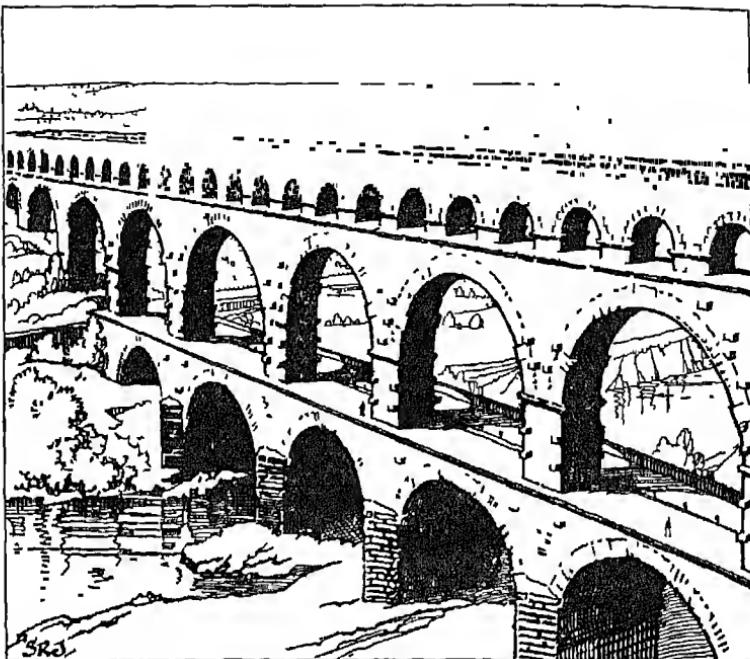
A ROMAN SOLDIER

now eight years since he had left Rome, and, during those years, he had won victory after victory for Rome in other lands. His soldiers would follow wherever he led them. They believed that, with him as their leader, they were sure to win every battle they fought.

Caesar went back to Rome, and after a time he became the chief man in Rome and the master of the Roman people. His name was famous in many lands, and even to-day we call him the greatest of the Romans.

He grew so powerful that many of his countrymen were jealous of him. At last a party of them made up their minds to kill him, and so, one day, they stabbed him to death.

Many years after he was dead, the Romans came again to Britain. This time they settled down to live for a while in our land, and they taught the rough,



An aqueduct built by the Romans across a river in Gaul, as it is to-day
Gaul is now called France

wild Britons new and better ways of living.

They built camps and towns in many parts of Britain, so that their armies might be easily lodged. They made channels, too, for carrying water from one place to another. Even to-day, where

water is carried over a lower level of land, we call that through which the water runs an aqueduct, from two Roman words meaning "water" and "to lead".

The Romans also built many good roads in this country. They were forced to make these roads or "streets" as they are sometimes called, as well as the aqueducts, so that their armies might move easily from place to place.

The Romans, like the Greeks, had no other means of moving from one place to another than by walking, or riding upon horses or in chariots, or else by sailing upon water. Unlike the Greeks, the Romans stayed a long time in the countries which they conquered.

That is why we see, and use, so many things nowadays which have come to us from the Romans who once made their home in our land. We still have what

we call the Roman alphabet, that is, the large capital letters A, B, C, and so on. Many of the words used in our language are Roman words. The figures upon clock faces, and those by which we count chapters in our books, are called Roman numerals, for they are the same numbers that the Romans used.

Bits of the fine old roads which the Romans made may still be seen in England and Scotland to-day. Many of our old towns, like Chester and Lancaster, were once Roman camps; and parts of Roman houses, theatres, and churches have been dug up in this country from time to time.

One of the most wonderful things which the Romans did was to arrange the Calendar, almost exactly as we have it now. You will remember reading that the Egyptians first divided the year into twelve equal months, with five days

added at the end. It was the Romans who gave us our present arrangement of unequal months, with three hundred and sixty-five days in the year and one extra day every fourth year. They also gave us the names of the months. As this was done in the time of Julius Caesar our calendar is called the Julian Calendar. You will learn as you grow older how few changes have been made in it.

How the Romans Lived

We have already fancied that we visited Athens, the chief Greek city, in the days of long ago. Now let us pretend that we are spending a day in Rome, at the time when Rome was “Mistress of the World”.

In the streets we see the plain, square houses of the poorer people, and the

splendid homes of the nobles. If we entered these fine houses, with their many stone steps and tall pillars, we should find wide, cool courts with flowers and fountains, great rooms paved with marble, and beautiful marble baths.

We pass many men wearing long white robes called togas, and women dressed in loose gowns, with their heads covered by veils. Here comes a boy on his way to school. He wears a light tunic, his legs are bare, and he has sandals upon his feet.



A Roman wearing his Toga

His school books are not such as we have nowadays; they are rolls of a

kind of paper. He has flat pieces of wood, covered with wax, for writing upon, and his pens are made of reeds.

Now we go down the wide, paved street which the Romans call the "Sacred Way". Here come crowds of people, singing and shouting with joy, and playing upon pipes and flutes. A Roman army has just won a great victory in battle over some of Rome's enemies, and the general and his soldiers are coming home in triumph.

First march the captives taken in war. They are chained together, and how sad they look! They know that the Romans, if they do not kill them, will



A Roman Lady

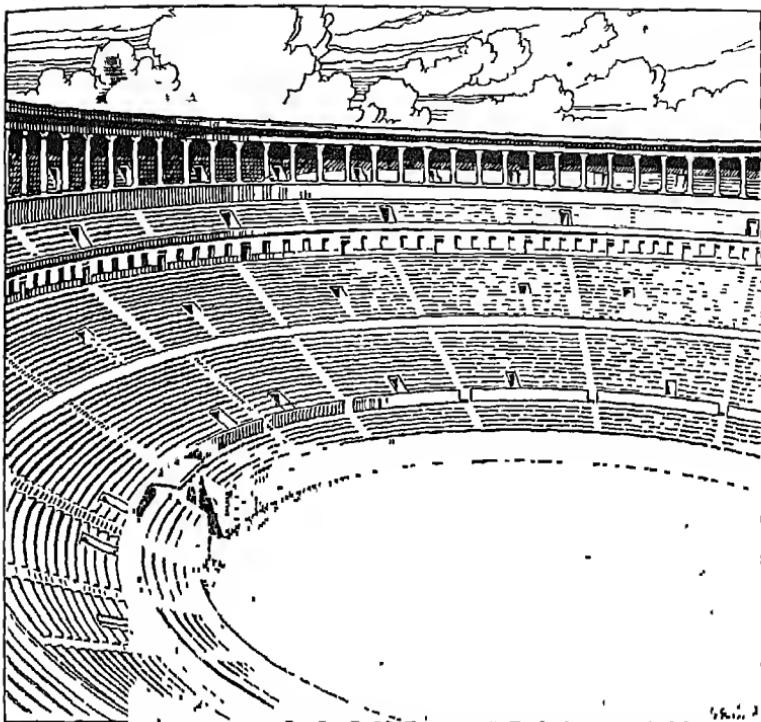
make slaves of them, and perhaps treat them very harshly.

Next comes a great gilded car, drawn by four white horses. In it sits the proud general, dressed in a white robe. He holds an ivory rod, at the top of which is a golden eagle, the emblem of Rome. A slave stands behind him, holding above his head a golden wreath of leaves.

Behind the general march his soldiers, with spears and swords and shining armour. Because they are victors they wear crowns of green leaves over their steel helmets.

This great train of people sweeps on its way up to the Capitol. There, in a splendid temple, the general will lay his golden wreath upon the lap of a statue of one of the Roman gods. For the Romans of old worshipped gods and goddesses, just as the Greeks did.

We must now visit Rome's greatest



A view of the inside of the Colosseum in the days when Rome was
"Mistress of the World"

theatre, or circus. It is called the Colosseum. It is a huge, round, stone building, which in the olden days would hold nearly ninety thousand folk!

The Romans loved to gather here, to watch chariot-races, or to see men

fight with each other or with lions and other wild beasts. Slaves often had to fight in the Colosseum until one killed the other, and sometimes they were torn in pieces by the savage beasts they had to meet.

The Romans thought it fine sport, upon every holiday, to look on at sights like these. They did not know, because they had not been taught, that such cruel things were wrong. Although they were a very brave and clever people they were often harsh and cruel, above all to captives and slaves.

The grand ruins of the Colosseum are still standing in Rome to-day, but the savage fights which took place there, between men and beasts, are long since ended.

The life and death of Our Lord Jesus Christ made a great change in the world. His followers told His story in Rome

as well as in other lands, and after many years the Romans learnt to believe in God, and to know that all men, high and low, are brothers, because they are God's children.

Some hundreds of years after the death of Jesus Christ, the Romans had to fight against a wild people from the north. They were called Goths; and after them came a people called the Vandals, and then came the savage Huns. All these people, as the years went by, fought with the Romans, and in the end they overcame them.

So Rome was no longer "Mistress of the World". Later on you will hear of other barbarians besides the Goths, the Vandals, and the Huns. They conquered other parts of the old Roman Empire, so that at last all Europe, including our own land, was in the hands of barbarians.

EXERCISES

ANCIENT EGYPT AND BABYLON

1. What difference was there between the writing of an Egyptian and that of a Babylonian?
2. Suppose long, long ago you had been invited to spend a day at an Egyptian friend's house. Tell all you can about such a visit.

THE GREEKS OF OLD

1. Who was the blind poet of ancient Greece?
2. How did the Greek boys and girls spend their time in those days?

THE STOLEN QUEEN

What an interesting story you have read—can you tell all about it? Remember you must place the beginning, the middle, and the end of the story in the correct order.

THE HEROES OF TROY

1. What name was given to the people who lived in Troy?
2. What do you know about the heel of Achilles?
3. Describe a war-chariot. (The pictures will help you.)

THE WOODEN HORSE

1. Why were the Greeks so anxious to take Troy?
2. What word is missing in this sentence: "The building of the wooden horse was a — plan."
3. Can you imagine what the soldiers inside the wooden horse whispered one to the other whilst they were waiting? Tell some of the things they would talk about.

THE MAN FROM TROY

1. What is one of the most wonderful of world stories which you must read when you grow up?
2. How was it that the witch-maiden could not change Odysseus into a pig?
3. Now that you have read and enjoyed this interesting tale, make up a story with the title "The Bow of Odysseus".

TWO WISE MEN OF GREECE

1. What words are missing: "A Spartan is a — person, who is — -less and — -y."
2. What were the names of two important cities in Greece?
3. What did both Lycurgus and Solon do for their cities?

A BRAVE KING

1. How was it possible for Leonidas with a few soldiers to stop the many thousands of Persians from going forwards?
2. One Greek was "unfaithful to his countrymen". What does that mean?

EXERCISES

STORY OF A BEAUTIFUL CITY

1. Tell some of the things that Pericles did for the good of Athens.
2. If you are ever fortunate enough to visit Athens, will you be able to see the Parthenon?

A HERO OF GREECE

1. If you look at a map of Egypt you will find marked a city named Alexandria. Why is the city called by that name?
2. In this story you have read about the King's friend Bucephalus. What do you know about him?

HOW THE GREEKS LIVED

1. What prize was received by the winner in the great games of Greece?
2. What a difference you would notice if you were changed into a child who lived in Athens long, long ago! Name some of these differences.

DIDO THE QUEEN

1. What was the name of the famous Roman poet? And who was the famous Greek poet?
2. Where is Carthage, and who built this city?

ROMULUS AND REMUS

1. On page 89 there is a picture you must have enjoyed. I wonder if you can make up an interesting story about this picture.
2. What is the home of a wolf called?
3. Where is Rome? What river would you see there?

SOME BRAVE ROMANS AND THEIR FOES

1. What brave Roman kept the bridge?
2. When the bridge crashed behind him, this courageous soldier would not let himself be taken prisoner by the enemy. What did he do?
3. What is Mucius doing in the picture on page 98?

A PROUD ROMAN SOLDIER

1. Coriolanus had some very good points in his character. What were they?
2. But he had one failing—what was that?

THE GEESE THAT SAVED THE CAPITOL

1. What work did the Roman senators do? What was the Forum?
2. Although the Romans were short of food, for what reason would they not kill the geese?
3. How was it that the Roman guards were not doing their duty and guarding the Capitol?

HOW A BRAVE MAN KEPT HIS WORD

1. How did the Romans guide their warships which then had no rudders?
2. A patriot is a person who loves his country. In what way did Regulus prove himself to be a patriot?

A FAMOUS GENERAL

1. What plucky soldier led his troops across some high snow-capped mountains into Italy?
2. By what name are these mountains known?
3. On arriving in Italy, how was it that the brave general's army had become only half its original size?

THE STORY OF TWO BROTHERS

The poor people of Rome were very unhappy because the wars had made them poorer. How did the two brothers try to help them?

HOW A GREAT ROMAN CAME TO OUR LAND

1. "A hundred years before the birth of Jesus Christ." How do you usually write this?
2. By what name was France once known?
3. Who was the famous Roman general who landed on our shores and defeated the Britons?
4. Why was he able to beat the people of Britain?
5. Mention some of the things the Romans did for the Britons.

HOW THE ROMANS LIVED

1. When we read that "Rome was Mistress of the World", what do you think it means?
2. What was the name given to the rich Roman people?
3. What was a toga?
4. Suppose you could have viewed the procession of victorious soldiers marching through Rome on the occasion of a Roman triumph, describe what you would have seen.

